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KELLY'S



UNIVERSAL

READERS

NUMBER
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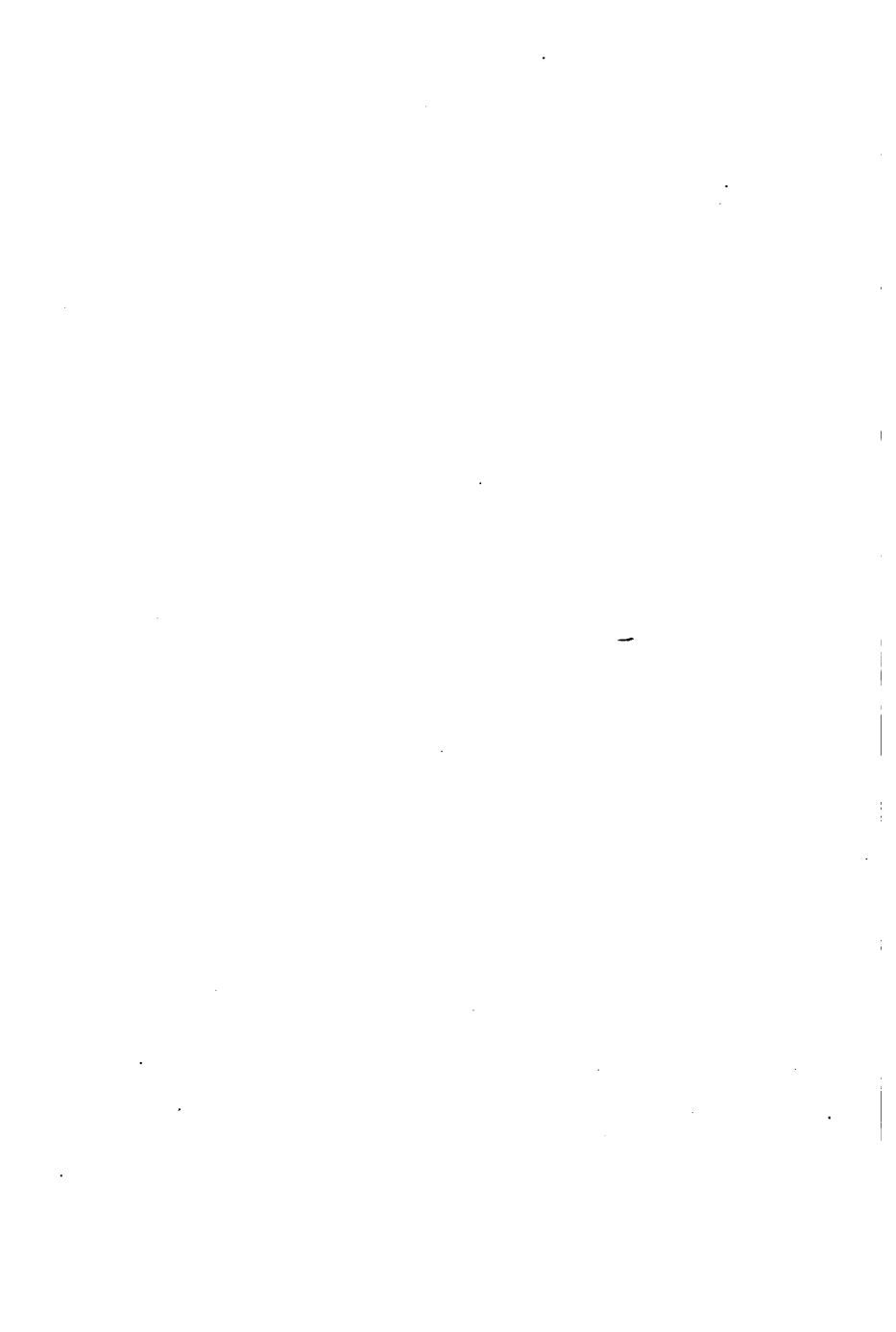
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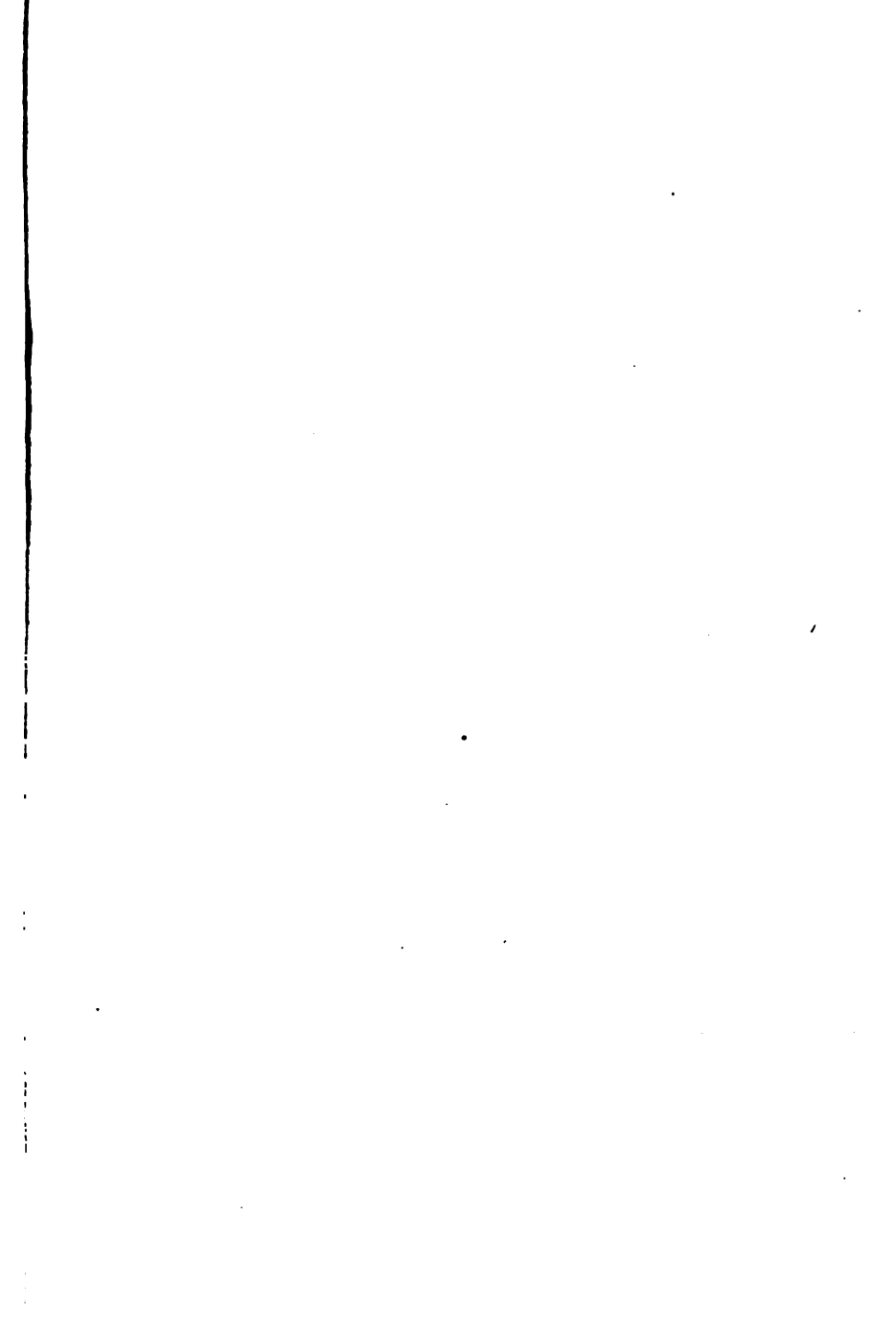
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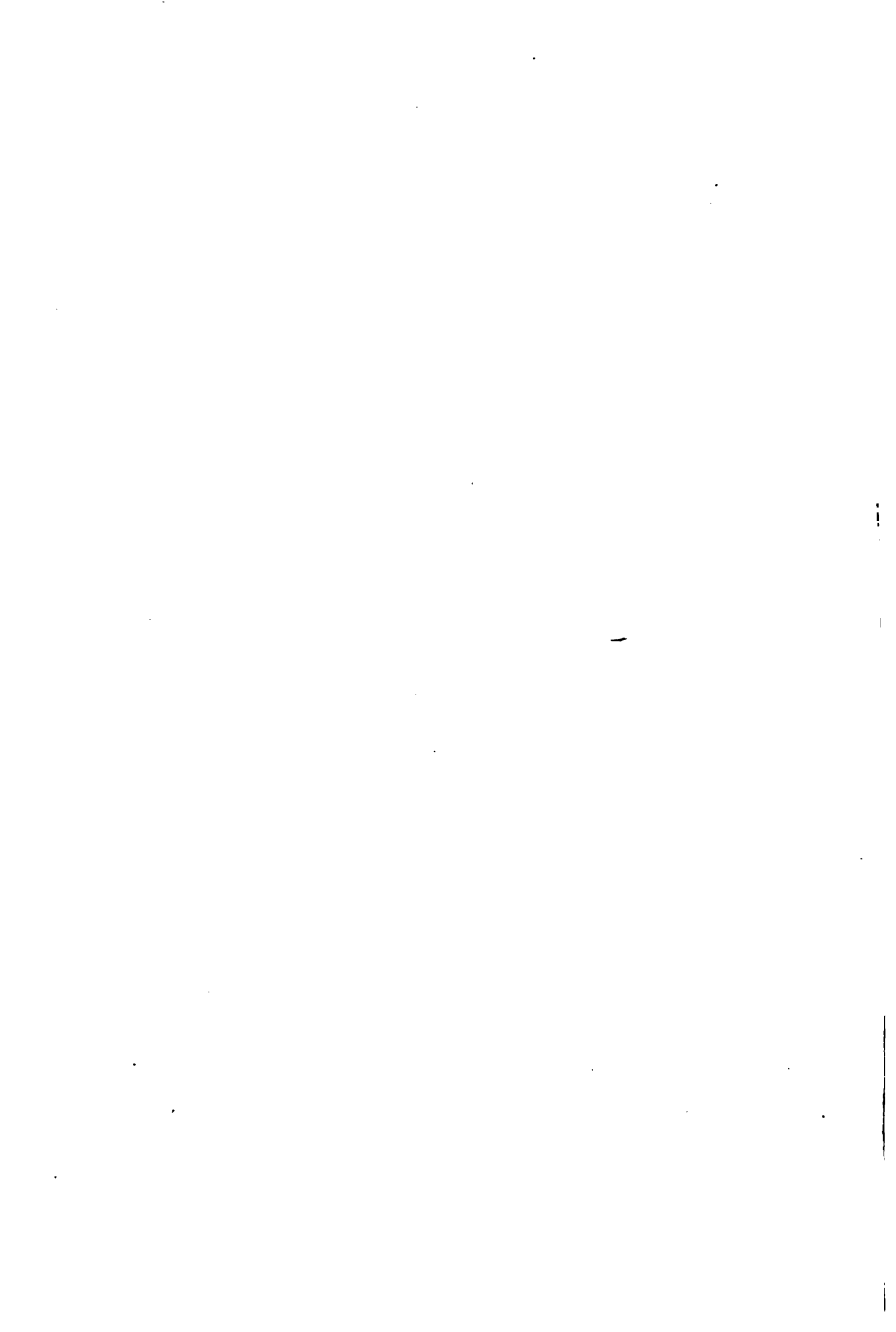


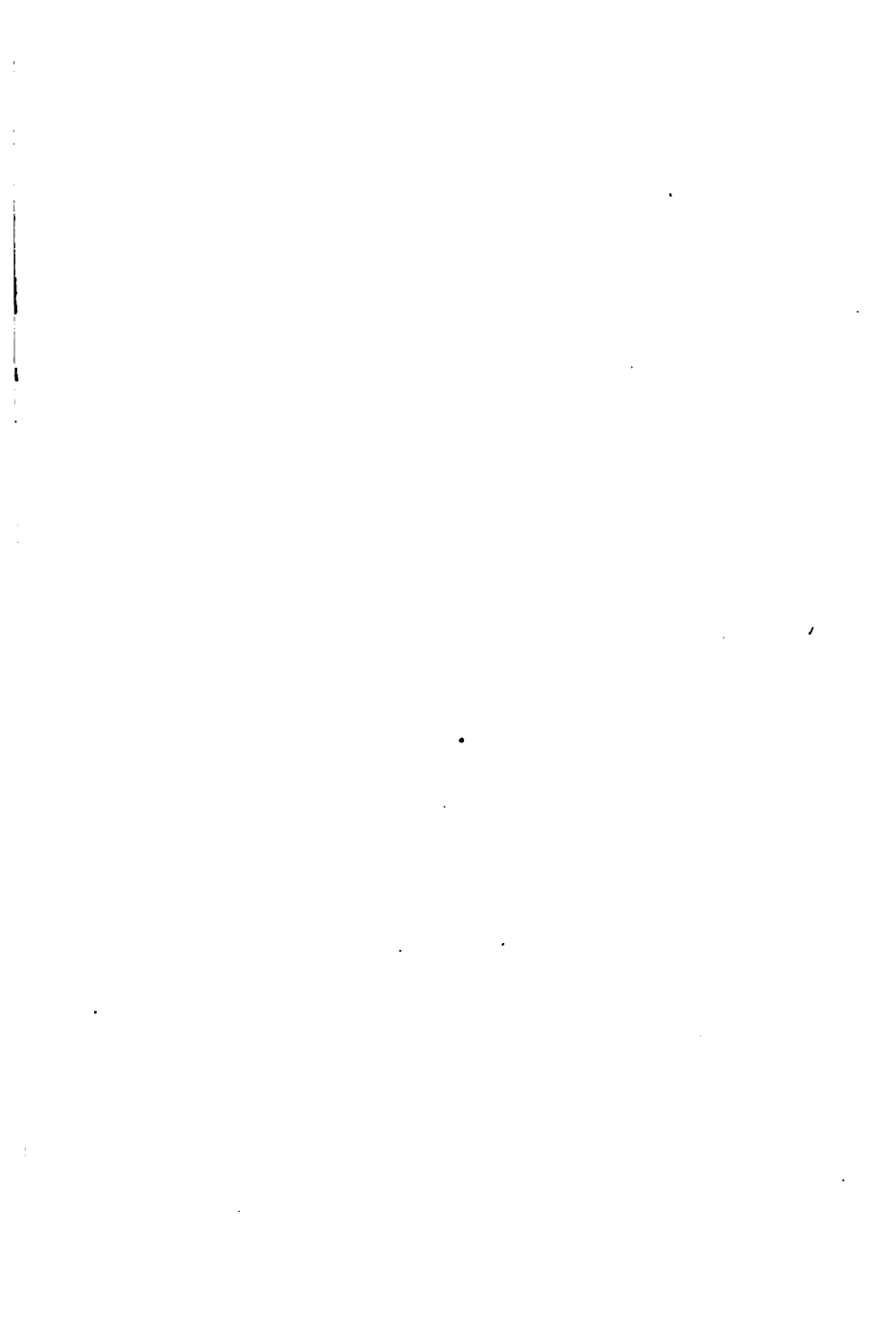
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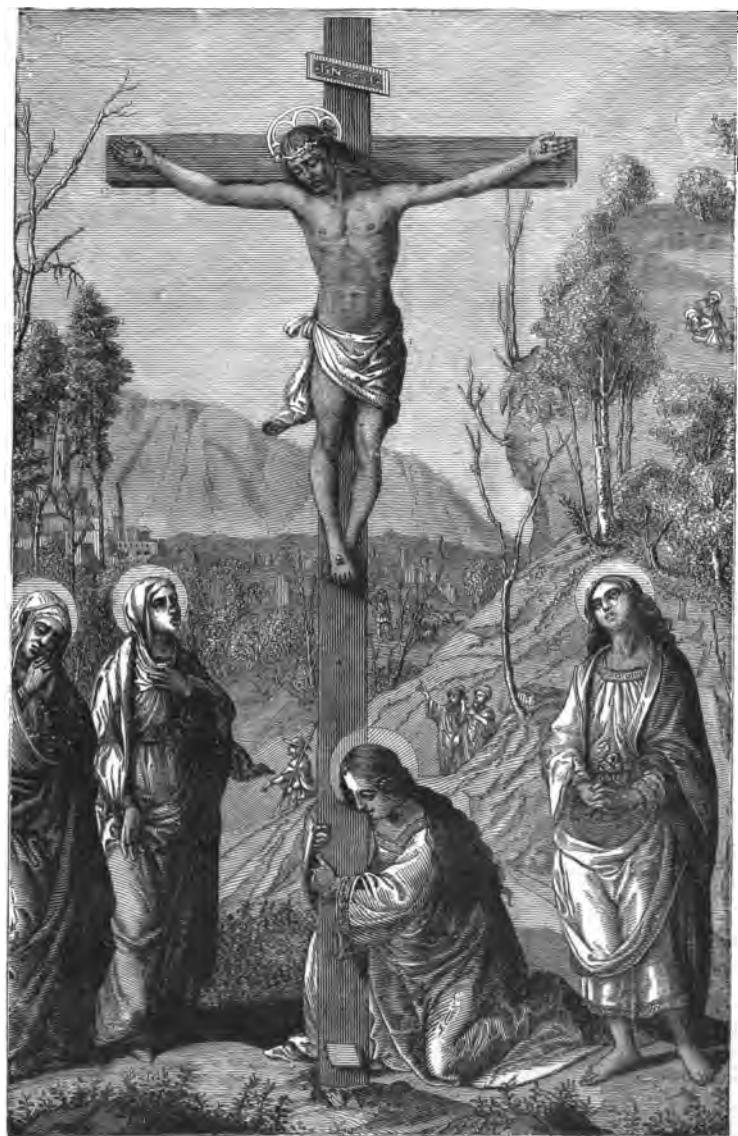
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CRUCIFIXION.

THE UNIVERSAL READERS

KELLY'S
UNIVERSAL
THIRD READER

EDITED BY THE
REV. HENRY A. BRANN, D.D.



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❖ SUGGESTIONS ❖

TO TEACHERS.

"How shall we teach our boys and girls to read?"

"What shall our boys and girls read?"

These two questions agitate the public mind on every side.

When a boy has learned only *how* to read, and not *what* to read, he is in great peril. Books, newspapers, and periodicals of every character multiply yearly by thousands.

"What shall I read?" is usually answered by the ability and taste of the reader.

Our Intermediate schools, public and private, must shoulder the great responsibility of forming and directing the taste of the rising generation. Reading, as usually taught in these schools, falls far short of inciting a desire for general and instructive reading. The reason for this neglect is to be found in the great attention given to the art of expression, disregarding the child's interest in the lesson, or his knowledge of it.

While children must be trained to read words at sight, to recognize them in sound, and to pronounce them correctly with distinct articulation, yet, for that development of voice which gives a natural and pleasing expression, the *thought* and *taste* must be cultured.

As long as our boys and girls are required in reading to "imitate" rigidly the tone, the inflection, and the peculiarities of the teacher without fully understanding the matter of the lessons, just so long will they be simply speaking "machines;" further, they will leave our schools with undeveloped tastes and undirected judgment for reading.

The subject-matter of our reading lessons should form a center around which teacher and pupils may group many interesting experiences, and useful facts.

The reading period may be made most fruitful of good results.

MENTAL PART IN READING.

One cause of the disagreeable styles of reading so common in our schools is the failure to connect *sound* and *sense*. At this particular stage the mental faculties of the pupil should be called into requisition.

"Imitation," the method of the First Reader, and, perhaps, of the Second, must not be continued long; such a process prevents originality of thought and individuality of taste.

Ask the questions upon the lesson *before* reading it in class, not at the close of the recitation.

Have your "Conversational Lessons" *before* your reading exercise.

Let the pupils give all the facts they know bearing upon the subject.

Always have *something* yourself to add to the matter in the book.

If any reference books are at hand, read to the class some interesting information about the lesson.

Moreover, encourage the boys and girls to give expression to their own *personal opinions* upon the subject read. Call to their lips the thoughts and sentiments suggested by the anecdote, story, or poem. Let them feel that the true object of reading is to the mind what food is to the body—and that each is comparatively useless without the process of *assimilation*.

Be sure that the pupils can read at sight all "new words."

Be sure that the pupils understand the meaning of the "new words."

Drill pupils upon dividing words into syllables.

Drill pupils upon placing the marks of accent and the diacritical marks.

VOCAL PART IN READING.

A correct habit of breathing must be formed. An adequate supply of breath, and a proper manner of using it are matters of the first importance in all vocalization.

Pupils must be trained *how* and *when* to take breath.

The proper use of the vocal organs must be shown. Articulation depends upon the action of the vocal organs; mouth, teeth, tongue, palate, nose, and lips.

The attention of the pupil must be directed to the forming of the sounds of the language. If this direction is given, indistinct and mumbling utterance will be easily and speedily remedied.

Imperfect articulation should not be tolerated in speaking and reading.

Do not allow pupils to use the well-known "*school-room tone*."

Cultivate variety of tone, and thus prevent monotony. Require pupils to read in natural conversational tones.

PHYSICAL PART IN READING.

The proper position of the body to give freedom to the expansion of the chest and to the free exercise of the vocal organs, must be maintained.

A correct position of the head, shoulders, feet, hands, and book is necessary to give grace and ease in reading.

Do not carelessly pass over these things as unimportant.

Require the pupil to open his mouth in reading.

Require the pupil to carry his eye one or two words ahead of the voice.

Require the pupil to address his hearers; to take his eyes from the printed page frequently, while reading.

Do not permit the boys to read too loud.

Do not permit the girls to read too softly, or with too little force.

Arouse your boys and girls so that their faces express sentiment.

ARTICULATION EXERCISES.

These lessons are of two kinds:—

The *first* consists of lists of words that afford excellent drill in the elementary sounds, single and combined.

The *second* consists of lists of words that are usually mispronounced, by misplaced accent, by misused elementary sounds, or by wrong syllabication.

NOTES TO TEACHERS.

Attention is demanded of the
teacher in every effort of expression
to make each word mean something to the other

and to make the language distributed
and to make the language constantly be-
come a part of the life.

REMARKS

The first lesson before of the Second
lesson is the first lesson.

The second lesson is acquired more readily
than the first lesson exercise than from

the first lesson to make their own out-
come and the first lesson have frequent
exercise in the first lesson of the read-

ing and the first lesson the entire class to
the first lesson principal points of a selec-

tion and the first lesson something more than
the first lesson what has been read.
The first lesson The first lesson naturally

the first lesson the first lesson the first lesson

REMARKS

The first lesson the first lesson the first lesson

Their underlying principle is, that the pupil is to be taught the practical use of words. Such lessons develop habits of observation and comparison; this leads children to think, and to express their thoughts.

WORDS PRONOUNCED ALIKE, BUT SPELLED DIFFERENTLY.

A large collection of these words has been introduced. They occur in sentences that the pupil may acquire their meaning, use, and spelling at the same time.

These words, though the most common in our language, are very frequently misspelled.

CONVERSATIONAL LESSONS.

The outlines under this heading will be found *instructive* and *suggestive*. They will afford an opportunity to impart considerable *information*, to lay a basis for *composition-work*, to arouse the *curiosity* and *sentiment* of the pupils, and to exercise the *mental* and *emotional faculties* in reading.

NEW WORDS AND GRADING.

All the new words of the reading matter are placed at the head of each lesson.

The average number of new words to each lesson is less than thirteen. This renders the grading more accurate and careful.

1E.—By special arrangement with Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the publishers are permitted to use extracts from the works of Hawthorne, Longfellow, and several other authors.

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A KEY TO THE PRONUNCIATION.

I. VOWELS.

ā as in āte.	ī as in Ice.	ū as in ūse.
ǣ “ făt.	ĭ “ ĭt.	û “ rŭn.
ǣ “ ärm.	ī “ police.	u “ true.
ǣ “ ăll.	ī “ gĭrl.	u “ pull.
â “ âir.	—	û “ hârt.
â “ âsk.	ō as in ōld.	—
ǣ “ whăt.	ö “ nŏt.	ȳ as in fly.
—	o “ move.	ÿ “ kĭt’tȳ.
ē as in mēte.	o “ wŏlf.	—
ě “ mět.	ò “ sòn.	oi as in oil.
ê “ thêre.	ô “ hŏrse.	oy “ toy.
e “ they.	ōō “ fŏod.	ou “ out.
ē “ hēr.	öö “ fŏot.	ow “ owl.

II. CONSONANTS.

ç <i>like</i> s, as in miçe.	ș <i>like</i> z, as in ĭș.
e “ k, “ eall.	th <i>vocal</i> , “ thine.
ġ <i>hard</i> “ ġet.	th “ think.
ġ <i>like</i> j, “ eăġe.	ŋ <i>like</i> ng “ thiŋk.

III. EQUIVALENTS.

ā = e	ǣ = ǒ	ī = ȳ	o = ōō = u
â = ê	ē = ĭ	ĭ = ȳ	o = ǒō = u
ǣ = ô	ē = ĭ = ȳ	ò = ŭ	e = k, ș = z

CAPITAL LETTERS, AND PUNCTUATION MARKS.

FOR REFERENCE.

CAPITALS.

I. Capitalize the **First Word** :—

1. Of every sentence, subject, or title ;
2. Of every line of poetry ;
3. Of every direct question, direct quotation, and maxim ;
4. Of every clause, in a series of clauses, separately numbered.

II. Begin with a Capital, **Words** :—

1. Which are *names* or *titles* of persons, places, or societies ;
2. Which are *personified*, and those *derived from proper nouns* ;
3. Which are names or appellations of God ;
4. Which are important in the *subject* of a book or composition ; also *prominent words* in a definition ;
5. "I," "O," also *North, South, East, and West*, when they denote a section of the country.

THE PERIOD (.)

Rule.—Complete every *declarative sentence*, every *subject of a composition*, every *abbreviated word* and *title* with a **period**.

THE SEMICOLON (;) and THE COLON (:).

Rule I.—(1) Members of a compound sentence, *if subdivided by commas*, should be separated by **semicolons**; (2) but *if they are subdivided by semicolons*, they should be separated from each other by a **colon**.

Example.—Notice the punctuation of the above rule.

Rule II.—Any additional clauses, phrases, or words, added by way of *explanation* or *inference*, if they are connected by such conjunctions as “*but*,” “*for*,” “*yet*,” etc., should be set off from the main sentence by a **semicolon**; but if the conjunction is omitted, by a **colon**.

Examples.—“Be diligent; *for* diligence maketh rich.

Be diligent: diligence maketh rich.

Rule III.—A **Colon** comes before a *direct quotation*.

Example.—Miller’s answer was this: “I will try, sir.”

Rule IV.—A **Colon** follows *Yes*, and *No* in an answer.

THE COMMA (,).

Rule I.—Separate by commas, a **series** of (1) single words, (2) phrases, (3) clauses, and (4) words or phrases in pairs.

Examples.—(1) The *sun*, *moon*, *planets*, and *stars* revolve.

(2) *To be good*, *to be attentive*, *to study*, are duties of the pupil.

(3) *Speak what you mean*, *do as you profess*, *perform what you promise*.

The *poor and rich*, the *weak and strong*, the *young and old*, have one common Father.

Rule II.—(1) Independent, (2) contrasted, (3) intermediate, and (4) parenthetical words, phrases, or clauses, are set off from the rest of the sentence by **commas**.

Examples.—(1) *Well*, do as you like. *To confess the truth*, I did not study it.

(2) Their deeds, *not their words*, shall prove them.

(3) Nature, *through all her works*, delights in beauty.

(4) No person, *in fact*, is free. Every one has, *of course*, some duties.

Rule III.—The *nominative absolute*, and words, clauses, or phrases in *apposition*, must be set off by commas.

Examples.—*John*, are you ready? Accept, *my dear sir*, our thanks.

Webster, *the orator*, is dead. Webster, *the man who wrote the dictionary*, is not the orator.

Rule IV.—Mark *ellipsis* of verbs, letters, and the possessive case by commas. The comma, in the last case, is called an *apos'trophe*.

Examples.—Reading maketh a full man; writing, an exact man.

'Tis true, I'll go. Mary's hat.

Rule V.—Use the comma where the *meaning demands* it.

Examples.—John said, Mary was not there.

"John," said Mary, "was not there."

The **Interrogation Point** (?) follows a question.

The **Exclamation Point** (!) follows every exclamatory word, phrase, or clause.

Enclose with **Quotation Marks** (" ") clauses or expressions quoted or copied.

The **Hyphen** (-) separates the parts of a compound word; or, connects the parts of a word, when some of its syllables are carried over to the next line.

Parentheses () are used to enclose a word or sentence used by way of explanation.

THIRD READER

LESSON I.

hō'ly pīn'ions
erā'dlē eōv'ers

pīl'lōw
æ count'



THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Who is he with wings so bright and
fair that watches by me all day long,

and spreads his pinions over my pillow when I sleep?

Who is he, that spirit of heaven sent down by God to be my guardian and my guide?

He is my angel. Every child, every human being, has a guardian angel.

He watches over us at all times; in our joys and in our sorrows.

He sees us when no one else is near; though we cannot see him.

His holy eyes are ever on us. When we do or say anything that is wrong, he hangs his head in shame, and covers his face with his white wings and weeps. For he loves God and he loves us.

He stood by our cradle when we were born, and he will be at our death-bed when our soul leaves the body.

Our guardian angel keeps a book in which he marks down every good thing we say or do; and at the last great day, when the black list of all our bad deeds will be shown to God, our good angel will present his account of all our good actions.

Our guardian angel is then our best friend. He loves us dearly. Let us not offend him by any bad words.

We would be ashamed to swear in the presence of our parents. Then should we not also be ashamed to swear in the sight of the pure, great angel to whose holy care we have been given by our Father who is in heaven?

Angels ever bright and fair,
Take us, take us, to your care!

LANGUAGE LESSON.

1. Do all boys and girls have a Guardian Angel?
2. What does this Angel do?
3. When is he with us?
4. How can we please him?
5. Can he hear us talk?

LESSON II.

a bīdē' ȳ lūme' dīg'mal per ēn'ni al

PRAYER TO GUARDIAN ANGEL.

May angels bright our footsteps guide
From danger on life's path ;
Their loving care with us abide
And save us from God's wrath.

May love divine our life illumine,
 Sin's darkness drive away;
 Conduct us through earth's dismal gloom
 To Heaven's perennial day!

DR. BRANN.

LESSON III.

dāin'ty	de fēnd'	dū'ties	fōə
eli'matə	de ɣides'	prēs'ses	sphērə
erēat'urə	wēap'on	fām'i ly	ēx ɕept'
ˌAʊs trāl'i a		æt tēn'tion	(shŭn)

PICTURES FROM MONKEY LIFE.

The monkey is found in all warm countries except Australia. He must have a warm climate, and enough to eat.

He is not dainty, but will eat eggs, young birds, fruits, insects, and snails.

If he lives near man, he is not too good to steal whatever he can lay hold of. If he is seen at it, he will run like a coward; but if he is cornered, he will fight even a lion or an elephant.

Monkeys live in bands; some old, gray-haired monkey is the ruler of the band.

There is real family life among them.

Papa monkey boxes the ears of the little monkeys, when they trouble him or are too noisy. He gives Mrs. Monkey a good whipping, too, sometimes, if she does not keep "within her sphere," and obey him.

He expects her to be very loving, and to show him every attention, such as keeping his coat nice and clean—quite free from dust and insects.

He decides the time for the family to go to bed, and to get up, and he lays out all the duties of the day for them.

Mrs. Monkey is a very loving mother; she holds her baby in her arms, and presses him to her heart, with all the richness of mother-love.

Baby Monkey is no beauty. He has an ugly little face, long, thin legs and arms, and hardly any hair upon his body. But the mother loves him none the less; and, if the little creature dies, she, too, has been known to grieve herself to death.

The monkey is the only animal that uses a weapon to defend himself and his family. He will pick up a stick or a

stone, and with it strike his foe. He knows, too, what it is to fear death, and will tremble in terror, when he feels that death has come to him.

From PROF. BREHM'S Lectures.

CONVERSATIONAL LESSONS.

The reading lesson affords an excellent opportunity to give children much general information. Such lessons will arouse interest, incite inquiry, give skill in the use of language, and lead to intelligent reading.

ANIMALS WITH HANDS.

Men are two-handed, or *bi ma'nous*.

Monkeys are four-handed, or *quad ru'ma nous*.

Man goes upright on his feet; some monkeys, at times, walk erect on their hind feet, or hands.

Most monkeys have a thumb on each hand, as man has.

The tails of some monkeys are as useful as a fifth hand.

Monkeys can climb, walk, run, and jump.

Monkeys can dance, grin, and learn.

Monkeys have no hair on their faces or on the palms of their hands.

Most monkeys live in the trees.

The monkey tribe consists of *apes*, *bab oons'*, and *monk'ey*s proper.

Apes have no tails. They have teeth of the same number and shape as man.

The largest apes are the *go ri'lla*, the *chim pan'zee*, and the *o rang'-ou tang'*.



LESSON IV.

sail'or	trav'elèd	coast	sig'nal
dis'tancè	snatchèd	grinnèd	a shorè'
mim'ies	(snächt)	de sirè'	tear'ing
chät'ter ing		seät'terèd	

THE SAILOR AND THE MONKEYS.

A sailor once went ashore on the coast of South America. His desire was to reach a town at some distance from the coast.

He had with him a number of red caps which he wished to sell there. On his way he had to pass through woods in which he saw almost everywhere bands of monkeys climbing among the trees.

At mid-day, as the sun was right overhead, the sailor sat down to rest under the shade of a large tree. Taking one of his caps out of his bundle, he put it on his head, lay down, and soon fell fast asleep.

He awoke after an hour, and got up to go on his way.

But where were his caps?

A most noisy chattering was going on among the thick leaves above him.

He looked up quickly and saw the trees alive with monkeys, and on the head of each monkey was a red cap!

The little mimics had watched him put one on, and, having stolen his caps while he was sleeping, had put them upon their black heads, chattering and grinning their delight with their new prize.

The sailor shouted at the monkeys, and called to them, and ground his teeth in rage. The monkeys only grinned at his anger, scattered themselves among the trees, and chattered the louder.

At last, the poor sailor gave up trying to get his caps back. Tearing off the one which he had on his head, and out of all patience, he threw it upon the ground, crying out: "There! you little rogues, if you will keep the rest, take this one too!"

To the sailor's great surprise, as though his act had been a signal, each little monkey snatched the cap from his head and threw it upon the ground.

So, the sailor got back all his caps and traveled on very proud and happy.

LESSON V.

jūdgə weight jūs'tiçə coun'səl
 ē'qual nēi'ther dī vīdē' erāmməd
 a gree' eon tēnt' lāw'yer seələs eōūrt

THE MONKEY AND THE CATS.

Two hungry cats, that had stolen some cheese, could not agree how to divide it between them.

So, they went to law, and took counsel of a cunning monkey, who was also to be the judge and decide for them.

The monkey put the two pieces of cheese, which the cats had brought him, upon the two sides of the scales, to see if they were of equal weight.

"Let me see," said the judge, with a sly look; "this piece weighs more than the other;" and he bit off a large mouthful.

"Here, sir! that isn't your cheese!" cried one of the cats.

"Well," said the monkey, "don't I have to see that neither of you has more than the other?"

The other side of the scales had now

become too heavy ; so the honest judge helped himself to a second bite ; this time from the other piece.

“Stop ! what are you eating our cheese for ?” cried the other cat.

“My friends, your pieces must be both alike,” said the very just judge.

Upon this, he nibbled first one piece and then the other, till the poor cats, seeing all their cheese about to be eaten up, cried as with one voice :

“Hold ! hold ! Give me my part of what is left, and I will be content !”

“If you are content,” said the monkey, “justice is not ; the law, my friends, must have its course.” And he took another bite.

Then the cats most humbly asked him not to put himself to any further trouble, but to give them the little that was left.

“Ha ! ha ! ha ! not so fast, good ladies,” said the monkey ; “I owe justice to myself as well as to you ! What is left belongs to me as the lawyer.”

Upon this, he crammed the whole into

his mouth at once, and very gravely broke up the court.

This story teaches us that it is better to put up with a small loss, than to go to law and lose all we have.

LANGUAGE LESSONS.

Let pupils give answers in complete sentences, oral or written.

How many animals are spoken of in this lesson?

What did two of them differ about?

Who was called in to help them agree?

Describe the scales.

Was the monkey a good judge?

What is meant by "justice?" By "law?"

What does this lesson teach us?

COMPOSITION.

Subject: THE MONKEY.

What is his shape? His size?

What is his color?

Where does he live?

What can he do? Is he active?

What can you say of his hands?

How does he use his tail?

What tricks can he do?

Is he a mimic?

Have you seen a monkey? Where?

What was he doing?

LESSON VI.

pítchəd

lā'bor

gūn'pow der .

re mēm'ber

quāils

sāl a mǎn'der

*Chatham, N. J.**July 21st. 1886.**Dear George, -*

I am on the old farm once more. There are two new horses here, and Uncle has got a new horse-rake. We all went together down in the meadow by the river to make hay.

I pitched for awhile, but soon got enough of it.

It was as hot as any place on earth need be.

I wouldn't like to be a farmer too much labor for me: you know father says I'm lazy.

Lorenzo stood the heat like a regular little Salamander.

After awhile they let me rake.
That was fun! All I had to do was to
sit and drive the horses.

You remember the large rock in
the road back of the barn? Well,
that is gone. Uncle blew it up with
gunpowder. I wish I had been there
then. There must have been a splendid
report! They have made half the fences
out of the stone taken from that place.

The rock was down quite deep
beneath the surface of the ground.

We are going hunting tomorrow.
There are many quails in the meadows
back of the house.

Don't you wish you were here? I
am sure that I do!

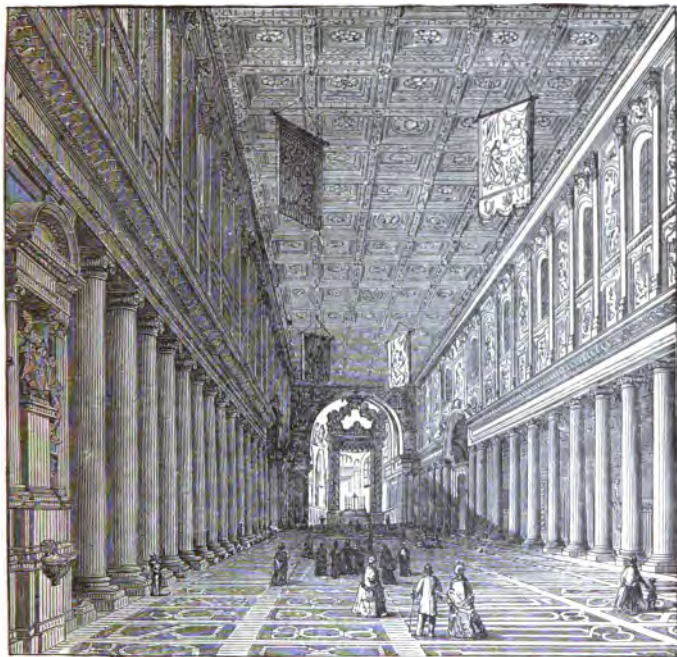
Give my love to Grandpa and
Grandma, and write soon to

Your Friend,

Richard Barnett.

LESSON VII.

chăp'el ôe'tāvə rēl'ie Lī bē'ri ūs
 sāint'lŷ tra dī'tion shrīnə nō'blə man
 mōn'ū ment sānēt'ū a rŷ



ST. MARY MAJOR.

Last Christmas, my girls and boys, I was many miles away from here, in no less a place than far-famed Rome. If any of you ever visit this city, so justly dear to us Catholics, you will then un-

derstand why I made more than one call to the church of St. Mary Major.

This church is often called "Our Lady's Cradle," because in one of its chapels, inclosed in a silver shrine, is the wooden portion of the dear Lord's resting-place at his birth.

I had the great privilege of seeing this relic; it is only exposed during the octave of Christmas, so I was very fortunate to be able to gaze upon it, and to see in gold a figure of the Infant Jesus reclining on some straw.

I almost felt, as I did so, that I could hear the angels singing and see the shepherds adoring the sweet Babe. Bethlehem never seemed so near.

Another title, perhaps the oldest, of St. Mary's is, "Our Lady Ad Nives," or "Our Lady of the Snow," founded on this beautiful tradition: There lived in the fourth century in Rome, a rich nobleman named John.

He and his good wife, not satisfied to do all they could for the faith in life, desired to honor the Blessed Mother

by a monument, which would last for years, and they wished to accomplish this object before their death.

The legend says, Our Lady herself appeared to them during the night. She told them that she accepted their gift, and that they should build the new sanctuary on Mount Esquiline, one of the seven hills of Rome, on the spot which they would find, in the morning, covered with snow.

Next day, as John and his wife went to the hill, they met Pope Liberius, who had had the same vision. Although it was summer there and the heat excessive, they found a thick mass of snow covering a place large enough for a church.

The saintly two, after thanking God for the miracle, had work begun on that very day, August 5th, 367. Then was laid the first stone of this church, one of the largest and most important, as well as earliest, under the dedication of our Blessed Mother.

MARGARET A. DOWNING.

LESSON VIII.

de lights' stüff ap prōach'ing
 cürse gāins

TWO KINDS OF BOYS.

The kind of a boy often shows us the
 man—

For boys are the stuff men are made of,
 The boy who will do all the evil he can
 Makes the man we may well be
 afraid of.

The boy who delights to learn all that
 is good,
 And does it as far as he learns it,
 Will make such a man as gains honor
 of God,
 And blessings of man as he earns it.

Then what kind of a man are you going
 to be,
 A blessing or curse to your fellows?
 The day is approaching when many will
 see;
 But can you not, even now, tell us?

LESSON IX.

stir'ring

sprained

poul'try

hūs' band

daugh'ter

hāstē

chāsē

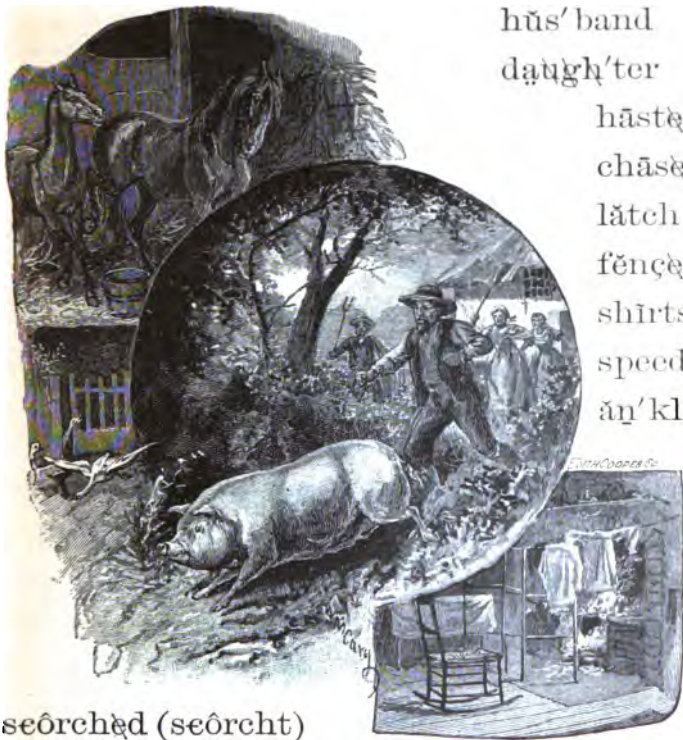
lātch

fēncē

shirts

speed

ān'klē



seōrchēd (seōrcht)

THE GATE WITHOUT A LATCH.

There was a farmer who had a little gate, which opened from his yard into a field. This little gate needed a latch, and therefore could not be fastened.

When the farmer passed through the

gate, he was very careful to shut it after him; but other people were not always so mindful.

Even with all his care, the wind would often blow it open again, after he had closed it.

So the gate was often swinging backwards and forwards in the wind, or standing wide open.

In this way the poultry were always getting out, and the sheep and lambs were always getting in.

It took up much of the children's time to run after the chickens and drive them back into the yard, and to send the sheep and the lambs back into the field.

The farmer's wife was always telling him that he ought to get a latch for the gate.

He would answer that it would cost ten cents, and the children might as well be driving the sheep and the poultry in and out of the yard and the field, as to be doing nothing.

So the gate went without a latch.

One day a fat pig got out of its pen, and, pushing open the gate, ran into the field, and made its way into a thick wood. The pig was soon missed, and a hue-and-cry was raised after it.

The farmer was in the act of tying up a horse in the stable; but he left it to run after the pig.

His wife was ironing some clothes in the kitchen; and she left her work, to follow her husband.

The daughter was stirring some soup over the fire; and she left it, to run after her mother.

The farmer's sons and his man entered into the chase after the pig; and away they all went, men and women, pell-mell, to the wood.

But the man, making more haste than good speed, sprained his ankle in jumping over a fence; so the farmer and his sons had to give up chasing the pig, to carry the man back to the house.

The good woman and her daughter also returned to help the poor man who was hurt.

When they got back to the house, they found that the soup had boiled over, that the dinner was spoiled, and that two shirts which had been hanging before the fire, were scorched.

The farmer scolded his wife and the girl, for being so careless as not to take the shirts and the soup from the fire before they left the kitchen.

He then went to his stable, where he found that the horse, which he had left loose, had kicked a fine colt and broken its leg.

The servant was kept in the house for two weeks by the hurt to his ankle.

Thus, besides the pain which the farmer's man had to suffer, the farmer lost two weeks' work from his servant, a fine colt, a fat pig, and his two best shirts; all for the want of a ten-cent latch.

PROVERBS.

A small leak will sink a great ship.

A stitch in time saves nine.

Never put off till to-morrow what may be done to-day.

LESSON X.

sēa	eän'dle	wāves	pīt'y
kilt	fāith'ful	stōrm	shells
fātē	dārk'nēss	sci'ence	Hugh
ge öl'o g'y	ge öl'o g'ist	Seöt'land	

A STORY OF THE MILLER FAMILY.

One day many years ago, a sad little boy was sent from an old farm-house in Scotland, to drown three little puppies in a pond near by.

The task did not seem to please him. He sat down beside the pond and began to cry. He looked at the helpless little things as they lay in his lap, and then, at the cold water of the pond.

His little heart was full of pity for them.

"No, I cannot put you in the water, dear little doggies!" he said; "I will take you to my mamma."

So he gathered them up in his little kilt, and set out upon a way that led from the farm-house.

He felt quite happy as he left the old farm farther and farther behind him.

He had stayed there for two long years; but he had just now made up his mind to go to his own dear home where mother



was, and never see again the cross old farmer who gave him such a cruel task to do.

On and on he walked, and just at

night he reached the town, where, not far away, he could see his mother's house with the warm light shining out from the open door into the darkness.

The little boy's home was by the sea. His mother was a sailor's widow, for his father had been lost at sea.

The poor mother did not want her little son to grow up to be a sailor, so she had sent him away into the country to learn to be a farmer.

She wanted her boy to live far away from the sea, so that he could not watch the white sails of the ships glide by upon the bright waters; so that he could not hear the waves calling by night, and by day, "Come away, come away!"

There stood the boy at the open door!
How his heart beat!

He gathered his little kilt with the "doggies" up tighter in his hand.

"Will mamma smile, and be glad to see me? Will her eyes grow bright, or sad?" he said to himself.

With a soft step he went into the room.

Mother sat sewing by the light of a candle. She looked up quickly.

"My boy! My boy, what brings you here?" she cried, as she dropped her sewing and held out both arms to him.

"The little doggies, mother; I could not drown the little doggies!" said the boy.

I cannot tell you more about the "little doggies," but I dare say the good mother gave them some nice sweet milk, and a warm bed, for that night at least.

I hope they grew up to be useful and faithful dogs.

Very small things may change the course of one's life, and the little boy did not go back to the farm, but went to sea, after all.

He was a good sailor, and the master of a ship. He was brave and kind-hearted, as the truly brave ever are. He went out upon the ocean many times.

At last, upon a dark night, in a great storm, his ship went down within sight of the shore where his own house stood.

His son, too, when he grew up, went to sea, also, and sad to say, he met the fate of so many that

“Go down to the sea in ships,”

for, one bright morning, he sailed away, and never, never came back.

This is the story of the grandfather, and of the father of Hugh Miller, who was born of a family of seamen.

Hugh became a great man of science.

The shells, the sea-weeds, the bright stones upon the shore—these were the beautiful lessons which he studied. They taught him new and wonderful truths.

When he grew older, he visited the high and rocky parts of Scotland. Sometimes he spent weeks in digging deep down into the ground.

For what?

He wanted to know of what the rocks and the earth were made, how old they were, what animals and plants had once lived there, and many other things.

He found that water, wind, rain, and fire had all done their work in the making

of the rocks; that years had become ages since they were placed where they now stood; that animals once lived among them, of a kind which could be no longer found upon the earth.

Such a study of the earth is called the science of Geology.

The poor sailor's son, Hugh Miller, became a great Geologist, writing many books upon the science which he loved so much.

After years of hard work, poor Hugh Miller died a very sad death in 1856.

Geology is the history of the earth and of its animals and plants, as found in its rocks.

A **Geologist** is one who understands the Science of Geology.

LANGUAGE LESSON.

1. Where was the Miller family?
2. To which nation did this family belong?
3. Tell the story of the "doggies."
4. Who was Hugh Miller?
5. What was Hugh's father's business?
6. What did Hugh study?
7. What did Hugh become?
8. Did Hugh write any books? What?
9. Do you know any facts of Geology?

LESSON XI.

tidə	stāmp	ef fāçə'	därk'ens
sānds	stalls	sət'tləs	fōot'prints
dāmp	steeds	hōs'tlər	eûr'lew (lū)

THE TIDE RISES, THE TIDE FALLS.

The tide rises, the tide falls,
 The twilight darkens, the curlew calls ;
 Along the sea-sands, damp and brown,
 The traveler hastens toward the town,
 And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
 But the sea in the darkness calls and
 calls ;
 The little waves, with their soft, white
 hands,
 Efface the footprints in the sands,
 And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks ; the steeds in their
 stalls
 Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls ;
 The day returns, but nevermore
 Returns the traveler to the shore,
 And the tide rises, the tide falls.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

LESSON XII.

tôrch	Broök'lÿn	Bridgə
höl'lo	Cĕn'tral	Pärk
tow'ers	af fĕe'tion ate	Lĭb'er tÿ
Bĕd'lō&'s	pĭck'er el	po lĭce'man

New York City, N. Y.,
Nov. 7th, 1888.

Dear James:

I came here Tuesday. I wish I was back home. I feel like a "fish out of water." One cannot hollo, or run, or have any fun at all.

There is nothing here but houses; and they are almost all alike. I can tell one from another only when I see the numbers.

There are some large stores here, too. But there are no trees—except those in Central Park; and them, you can only look at. Everywhere you turn, in the "Park," you can read, "Keep off the grass." If you pick a leaf or a flower, you are in danger of being "*taken up*" by a policeman.

I don't like these city fellows. Most of them are too proud. They keep dressed up in their Sunday-clothes all the week.

They think we, fellows from the country, are "*green*." They expect us to open our mouths and eyes, too, in surprise at every-

thing we see. But, I tell you, no one need be ashamed to open his eyes when he sees the Brooklyn Bridge! Why, the towers are about as high as the big elm down in our low-meadow lot. It's a mile long,—as far as from our barn, over to Fox Hill. There is nothing shaky about it, either.

We went, in a steamboat, down the river to the bay, on Wednesday. We were so near Bedloe's Island, that I looked up at the face of Liberty, standing there.

Liberty is a pretty large woman. I guess that France must think it is true that, "The women run this country." If that's what this Liberty means—she looks able to do it.

At night, when I stood on Brooklyn Bridge, I saw plainly the light of her torch.

I think I'll be back in about a week; because the pickerel must be beginning to bite pretty well.

Give my love to father, and mother. Don't forget to give Charley his oats every day.

Your affectionate brother,

EUGENE CARROLL.



LESSON XIII.

eŭb	mīdst	pre fēr'	sīn'gle
bēasts	speech	āp pēar'	rŭf'fled
erown	re plīed'	lēop'ard	fēath'ers
ŭn der stānd'		erē ā'tion (shŭn)	



CHOOSING A KING OF ANIMALS.

The lion was dead, and all the animals gathered at his den to tell the lioness, his widow, how sorry they all were for her. She, poor thing! was making the hills and the woods echo with her roars of grief.

Having paid their respects to her, they went about choosing a king; the crown of the dead lion being placed upon a rock in the midst of their meeting.

The lion's cub was too young and too weak to take the rule over so many strong, brave animals.

"Give me time to grow," said he; "I shall know well how to rule and make myself feared as my father did before me. I will study his great deeds, and try to do like him in all things, so that I may one day equal him in glory."

"And I," said the leopard, "put forward my right to the crown. I am nearer like the lion than any of you others."

"And I say," said the bear, "that it is not an act of justice to prefer the lion to me."

"I am quite as large, as strong, as blood-thirsty, and have as much courage as he."

"I can climb the trees, too, and in this way look after things which the lion could never see."

"I leave it to you, gentlemen," said the elephant, very quietly, "to decide whether I am not the largest, the strongest, and the bravest of all the animals."

"I am the most noble, and the most beautiful!" said the horse, as he stepped proudly into their midst.

"There is not a sharper or more cunning animal than I am!" said the fox.

"I can run the swiftest," said the deer.

"Where," said the monkey, "will you find a better king than myself?"

"Look! am I not like man, the very Lord of Creation?"

"My hand can hold the 'rod of rule';—you, all, have only paws and feet!"

"See how the crown fits my head!"

"I can climb better than the bear, and I think I am quite as beautiful as the horse; beauty is only a matter of taste, after all!"

The parrot ruffled the feathers about her neck, and, turning to the monkey, said:—

"So you think you are like man, do you ?

"You are like him only in your ugly face and in what you mimic !

"But can you talk ?

"I have speech, and speech is the glory of man."

"Hold your tongue, you chatterer !" replied the monkey.

"You speak, to be sure, but not as man speaks.

"You always say the same thing over and over again, and you don't understand a single word you say !"

All laughed at these two poor mimics of man. Then the crown was given to the elephant ; for, while he is large, and strong, and wise, he is neither so cruel as the beasts of prey, nor so silly and proud as so many others, who wish always to appear to be what they really are not.

PROVERBS.

Better be alone than in bad company.

Idle people have the most trouble.

It is never too late to learn.

LESSON XIV.

eŏt'tŏn	pĕarl	săp	mĭnĕs
bŏt'tŏm	spŭn	sĭlk	lĕath'er
yĕl'lŏw	năil	elăss	ĕ lăs'tie
wŏv'en	sĕal	worm	ŏb tăinĕd'
fŏr'est	trĭm	(wŭrm)	nŭm'bers

OUR CLOTHES.

"My dear children," said a kind teacher to her boys and girls, "have you ever thought of the many things used in the making of your clothes, and where these things come from ?

"Do you know that most of them grew upon trees ; or have been the clothes of the cow, sheep, or of some other animal ?

"Some of the smaller parts used have been taken from the bottom of the sea.

"Some have been taken from mines deep in the earth, and other parts have been spun by a worm.

"I shall be pleased if each of you will name some part of your dress, and tell me all you can about it."

"I know my boots are made of leather," said little Harry, at the top of the class.

“Yes,” said the teacher, “but there are other things used in the making of your boots besides leather.



“There are the nails, which are made of iron. Iron is dug out of mines deep down in the earth.

“I see your shoes have elastic sides.

Now, elastic is made from the sap of a tree which grows in a hot country many, many miles from here."

"How strange," said Harry. "I never thought of the nails and the sides. Then my boots are made of the skin of an animal, the sap of a tree, and iron from the earth. They are lined with cotton cloth, too."

"My dress is made of cotton," said May, "but I do not know what cotton is, or where it comes from."

"Cotton," said the teacher, "grows in some hot parts of the world. The tree upon which it grows is called the cotton tree, or plant. The cotton, when ripe, is picked, put into large bundles, and sent to the mill, where it is woven into cloth.

"Cotton is the most common article of clothing.

"Most of the garments worn by ladies and children are made of cotton.

"Why are the clothes worn in our country in the summer chiefly made of cotton?"

"My coat," said Tom, "is made of cloth, and this I know is woven from wool."

"Yes," said the teacher. "Wool, you know, comes off the back of the sheep. You see it was a nice warm coat for the sheep, before it was made into a nice warm coat for you. The buttons on it are pearl, and this is obtained from the inside of shells found in the sea."

"The ribbon on my hat is made of silk," said little Rose."

"Yes," said the teacher, "and so is Tom's tie."

"The silk was spun by a worm called the silk-worm."

"These silk-worms are kept in large numbers in some countries. I kept some once. After a time they made a small ball the shape of a bird's egg, and all over the outside I found soft yellow threads."

"These threads are woven into ribbon and silk, which is used in the making of dresses and ties and many other things."

"But what is your hat made of?"

"Why, of straw," replied little Rose.

"Yes," said the teacher, "straw is very largely used in the making of hats. Some people trim their hats with feathers; so you see we get some part of our clothing from the birds.

"Tom's winter hat is made of seal-skin. The seal is an animal that lives in the sea."

"How very funny," said Rose; "Tom's hat comes out of the sea, and mine out of the ground."

"I am pleased that I have given you something to think about," said the teacher. "You see, the birds, beasts, worms, fishes, plants, and the deep earth and sea, have all given something with which to clothe you.

"Be thankful to God that he has made the world not only beautiful, but full of things useful to man.

"And while we thank God for all these blessings, do not forget the men who are down in the dark, dangerous mines. Do not forget the sailors upon

the wild, restless ocean. Do not forget those who are at work in fields and forests of far distant lands; and those in the cold lands of snow and ice.

“Let us pray God to bless the workers everywhere in the wide world.”

CONVERSATIONAL LESSONS.

PLANTS, ANIMALS, AND MINERALS THAT FURNISH US
WITH CLOTHES AND ORNAMENTS TO WEAR.

Plants.—*Cotton* is made into muslin, calico, gingham, etc.; *hemp*, into coarse cloth; *flax* is used for making linen, lawn, lace, cambric, etc., and thread; rye *straw* and wheat *straw* are made into hats; the *sap* of a tree is made into overshoes, rubbers, etc.

Animals.—*Sheep* give us wool for cloth, flannels, and leather for gloves; the *ox*, the *horse*, and the *goat* give us leather for boots and shoes; the *silk-worm* gives us threads of silk which are woven into silk and ribbon for dresses and neckties. Some *insects*, as the *cochineal*, furnish coloring matter for dyeing articles of clothing. The skin of the *seal* is used for sacques, coats, and caps.

The fur of the *otter*, *mink*, *ermine*, *bear*, *fox*, and *lynx* are worn.

The *whale* furnishes whalebone; the *elephant*, ivory; the *ostrich*, and other birds, feathers.

From the *oyster* we get pearls for ornament, and mother-of-pearl for buttons.

Minerals.—*Gold*, *silver*, and *iron* are dug out of the ground and used for buttons, nails for shoes, and articles of jewelry.

LESSON XV.

growl tŭg'gīng rēs'eūə dīs trēss'
 stōvə rāt'tləs shēl'ter chīm'nēy
 nūmb frōz'ən āneh'or fīsh'er man

ANXIOUS LIVES.

How it rains !

The cold winds seem to be angry as they chase each other around the corners of the house, and drive the rain against the windows !

Now they are calling down the chimney, now shaking the door ; and now, with a growl they are off on their wild chase again around and around the house !

What a night to be out !

What a storm to meet upon the great ocean !

Are all of my dear ones here ? Quite safe ? said a mother.

Yes, all safe, thank God ! Papa, with little Etta upon his knee ; baby, fast asleep in the cradle ; Frank, studying his lessons ; Nellie sits up closer to mamma, and both draw nearer the warm

stove, as the wind rattles the doors and windows.



Mrs. Lee has not all her dear ones with her to-night. She is thinking of her sailor-boy, who is out on the wild sea.

Every time the angry wind shakes her door and rattles her door-latch, she starts up thinking her boy may be coming home, while her heart grows heavy, and her cheek, white with fear.

Ah! Can she see a noble ship tossing about upon the black waters, and tugging at its anchor?

Is that her boy with numb fingers clinging to the frozen ropes?

A ship in distress! Sound the guns out over the wild waters!

O, will no one go to the rescue?

Poor boy! Poor, poor mother!

Over the way, there is a bright light at the window. Ah, yes! I know. The fisherman's wife lives there.

O, little Nellie, can it be that the poor fisherman, who brought us this very morning our nice breakfast of fish, is out to-night in this storm?

Do you see the faces of the fisherman's children at the window?

They cannot see out through the night and storm! But they hope that father

will see the warm little home-light, and that it may help him to bring his boat between those cruel rocks, and through the white, angry breakers, safe to the shore.

Pray for him, Nellie dear; pray for the poor fisherman, that those little children may not be without a father when this wild night is passed.

O pray, too, for Willie Lee.

Find a way, O God, over the stormy waves for the good ship, and a safe shelter for Willie Lee!

FOR PRACTICE IN ARTICULATION.

Drill pupils carefully in pronouncing these words, so frequently mispronounced.

1.

dōg	eatch	fōd	kēt'tle
jūst	been (bīn)	ēlm	wīn'dōw
does (dūz)	a gain' (gēn)	fig'ure	prōd'uce
ereek	dū'ty	īron	hūn'dred
eōst	strēngth	for gēt'	rēp'tile

2.

dōç'le	be liēve'	fāe'to rȳ	chīm'neȳ
ex tōl'	eōm'rāde	al pāe'a	ān ōth'er
eōr'al	quī'nīne	dōn'key	sār'dīne
pā'tron	fā'vor īte	nā'tion al	um brēl'la

LESSON XVI.

peers	eŏt'tagə	çēil'ing
fōrm	shăd'ōw	eāsə'měnt
bleak	erā'zŷ	rŭd'dī er

TWILIGHT.

The twilight is sad and cloudy,
 The wind blows wild and free,
 And like the wings of sea-birds,
 Flash the white-caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
 There shines a ruddier light,
 And a little face at the window
 Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
 As if those childish eyes
 Were looking into the darkness
 To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
 Is passing to and fro,
 Now rising to the ceiling,
 Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
 And the night-wind bleak and wild,

As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child ?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
Drive the color from her cheek ?

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

FOR PRACTICE IN ARTICULATION.

Drill pupils carefully in pronouncing the final d in these words.

1.

good	neared	dreamed	scald'ed
loved	played	gathered	tempt'ed
lord	squirmed	hand'ed	a mused'

2.

Final d = t.

vexed	kissed	stepped	reached
stuffed	cooked	hopped	kicked
cracked	bumped	looked	knocked

LANGUAGE LESSON.

What time of day is twilight ?

When does an object have a shadow ?

Write the compound words in this lesson.

Write all the words of two syllables in this lesson.

LESSON XVII.

hā'zel trāit'or fāg'ots pēas'ant
 re liēvè' erim'son fān'cies flūt'terəd
 stātē'li est pīt'i fūl lŷ



iē'gends
 seōturgəd
 sōng'ster
 drēād'fūl
 blōs'soms

LEGENDS.

In Catholic countries there are a great many beautiful legends about trees, and birds, and flowers, which show very simply and sweetly how easy it is for child-

like souls to connect all things with the love and sufferings of our dear Lord.

Throughout Germany, France, and Italy, these pretty stories may be gathered like blossoms from every roadside; little boys and girls know them by heart; and old grandmothers, sitting in the sunlight, smile when they hear once more the forgotten fancies of their youth.

The robin's breast is red, they say, because the tender bird fluttered pitifully over our dying Saviour on the cross, until its dark feathers were stained with the sacred blood; and from that day to this, the crimson glow has never faded away.

The cross-bill, a bright little songster which lives in the pine forests of Europe, and flies southward every winter, is believed to have bent its tiny beak in a vain effort to draw the heavy nails out of our Lord's hands and feet.

And though its feeble strength was powerless to relieve its suffering God, the bill remains forever crossed to show mankind the good it tried to do.

The weeping willow was once tall and erect, the proudest and stateliest of trees.

When our first parents were driven from Paradise, all things that grew on that happy soil bent their heads in sorrow and pity, save only the willow, that would not deign to stoop.

But when the day of our Saviour's passion was at hand, the soldiers cut down its fairest branches, and made of them the whips with which they scourged their God.

And from that dreadful hour, the tree, bowed down with shame and anguish, droops mournfully to the ground. The wind whispers through its boughs, "Canst thou forget?" And the thin leaves rustle and sigh, "Alas! never, never, never!"

The hazel tree had a happier fate, for once, when the Blessed Virgin was journeying over a high mountain, she took refuge from a storm beneath its friendly branches.

And our Lord, pleased with the shelter that it had given to his Mother,

promised that the lightning should never strike it, and that whoever rested under its shade should be safe in the wildest storm.

The tamarind tree is said to have been tall, strong, and beautiful, until the traitor Judas, in his terrible despair, hung himself upon its boughs.

Then, withering with fear and horror, it refused to look up into the sky, but shrank into the twisted, tangled bush that we now see.

In Italy, many people will not tread upon a spider, because they say that, when the Blessed Virgin and Saint Joseph were flying with the holy Child into Egypt, they hid from their pursuers in a cavern.

And immediately a spider spun its web over the mouth of the cave, so that the soldiers, when they came along, did not enter, but hurried by, saying to each other, "No one can be within, for, behold! the little insect's web is stretched unbroken in the sun!"

LESSON XVIII.

mătch'es flăkes slĭp'pers fâir
 rōast'ed boughs nĕst'ling snōw
 bāre'fōot ed bāre'hĕad ed strĕtched

THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

It was very, very cold. The snow was falling, and it was growing dark. It was the last evening of the year.

In the cold and darkness, a poor little bareheaded and barefooted girl went along the street.

When she left home she had slippers on; but they had done her little good. They were very large old slippers which her mother had worn.

So large were they, that the little girl had lost both of them as she was running across the street to get out of the way of two carriages which rolled swiftly by. One of the slippers could not be found, and a bad boy had run off with the other.

So the little girl went on, with bare feet, while the snow fell thicker and faster.

She carried her little store of matches in a basket, but she held a bundle of



them in her hand. Nobody had bought any of her during that long day.

No one had given her a single cent.

Hungry and blue with cold, the poor little girl crept along. The large flakes

of snow covered her long, fair hair, which fell in curls around her thin white face.

In a corner between two houses, she, at length, found some shelter from the storm; and nestling down close to the wall, she covered as well as she could with her short dress, her poor little feet, which were red and blue with the cold.

But she grew colder and colder; and she was afraid to go home. As she had sold no matches, and could take home no money with which to buy bread, her father would whip her.

Besides, it was cold at home; for she lived with her father up under the roof, where the wind and the snow came in, though the largest cracks had been stopped up with straw and rags.

Poor little girl!

Her hands were already numb with cold.

And she thought,—O! how much good one match would do her, if she might take one from the bundle, draw it across the wall, and warm her fingers by the flame!

She took one out and struck it upon the wall. How it burned ! It burned with a warm bright flame, like a candle ; and she bent her hands around it : it was a wonderful light !

It seemed to the little girl as if she were sitting before a large iron stove, in which the fire burned brightly, warming all around.

She stretched out her feet to warm them, too : but the flame went out, and then she sat with a little piece of the burned match in her hand.

Another match was lighted. It burned brightly ; and the wall, where the light fell upon it, seemed to become like glass, so that she could see into the room beyond.

And there was a table on which was spread a snow-white cloth ; and there were china plates ; and at one end of the table roasted poultry was smoking.

But, what was still more delightful, a fine roasted chicken hopped down from the table, and with a knife and fork sticking in it, came towards the poor

little girl, when—the match went out, and nothing but the thick cold wall and the drifting snow were to be seen.

She lighted another match ; and, when it shone forth, all at once she seemed to be sitting under a Christmas-tree.

It was larger and more beautiful than the one she had seen the Christmas before, through the window in the rich man's house.

How many little candles were burning among the green boughs !

Beautiful pictures, such as she had seen in the shop windows, looked down upon her.

The little girl stretched out her hands towards them, when—the match went out.

But the lights of the Christmas-tree rose higher and higher, until they seemed like stars ; then one fell—down—down—leaving, for a moment, a long path of light in the sky.

“Some one is dying now,” said the little girl ; for her old grandmother, who alone had loved her, but who was now

no more, had told her that when a star falls a soul takes its flight to heaven.

She drew another match across the wall; and, in the light which it threw around, her old grandmother seemed to stand before her; and O! how bright! how sweet was her face! and what a picture of love was there!

"Grandmother," cried the little one, "O take me with you! I am afraid you will go away as soon as the match goes out just like the warm stove, the roasted chicken, and the Christmas-tree!"

Then quickly, one after another, she lighted the rest of the matches, for she wished to keep her grandmother with her as long as she could.

And the matches burned so brightly that it was lighter than day. Never before had her grandmother appeared so beautiful and so tall. She took the little girl in her arms; and in brightness and joy they flew high—high up into the heavens, where they felt neither cold, nor hunger, nor fear,—for they were with God!

But in the corner between the two houses, at the cold hour of early morning, sat the little match-girl, with rosy cheeks, and with a smiling mouth, leaning against the wall, half covered with snow, and frozen to death on that last night of the old year. Of her matches one bundle had been burned.

"She has been trying to warm herself," people said. But no one knew what beautiful things she had seen, as she entered, with her grandmother, into the joys of a New Year.

FOR PRACTICE IN ARTICULATION.

1.

Drill carefully in pronouncing the th (vocal) in these words.

thine	thy	these	with
thou	bath	those	elôthe
them	breathe	worth'y	be neath'

2.

Drill carefully in pronouncing th (sharp) in these words.

thin	pith	throw	worth
think	breath	three	cloth
wealth	strength	health	the'a tre

LESSON XIX.

brídġə spär'rōw tūn'nel Mōr'ris Plāins

Parsippany, N. J.,

June 20, 1888.

My Dear Susie:—

We left the city yesterday for the country. We hope to remain eight weeks.

How pleasant the change was, as the train moved out of the dusty city-streets into the open country! We went slowly through the tunnel, and over the bridge; then we moved faster and faster, till trees, fences, and houses seemed flying past us.

One hour brought us to Morris Plains. Grandpa was waiting for us with the wagon. We were soon on our way to the old farmhouse. Grandpa looks very well.

The fields are bright with daisies. Wild roses peep through the fences by the way-side, like the sweet faces of little children.

When we reached the brow of the hill, I saw the tops of the dear old trees—the *button-balls*, we always called them!

There hangs the old swing; but Aunt Kate has had it mended with new ropes. It will be safer than it was last summer, when Jay took that ride through the air and landed so suddenly in the road.

Aunt Kate and Grandma asked at once when Susie was coming.

This morning I awoke early. The birds were chirping; the air was fresh and clear. I got up, dressed, and sat down by the open window.

The birds seemed to be everywhere;—on the lawn, in the trees, upon the bushes, and hopping over the garden beds. There were robins, blue-birds, yellow-birds, and others, all motion and song.

Where do they go later in the day; for one sees and hears only the noisy sparrows? Grandpa says the sparrows chase the other birds away, and kill their young ones.

But their worst foe is the gentle lady who loves to hear them sing. She will buy their poor, pretty bodies, or their wings and wear them on her bonnet. She forgets that a sweet little singer is made silent forever; that a happy life is taken away, because she is vain. I, for one, will not wear birds upon my hat.

But my letter is long. I hope to see you soon; so, "good-bye". With love to all, from all of us, I am

Yours sincerely,

NELLIE.

LESSON XX.

sūn'nŷ	bōld	dāi'slē	wēath'er
hārd'ŷ	hōurŷ	pūr'plē	hārd'shīp
stūrd'ŷ	a lērt'	hū'man	būt'ter ēŷps

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

Buttercups and daisies,
Oh, the pretty flowers!
Coming ere the spring-time
To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies
Spring up here and there.

Little hardy flowers,
Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health
By their mother's door;
Purple with the north wind,
Yet alert and bold;
Fearing not and caring not,
Though they be so cold!

What to them is weather?
What are stormy showers?

Buttercups and daisies
 Are these human flowers!
 He who gave them hardship,
 And a life of care,
 Gave them likewise hardy strength,
 And patient hearts to bear.

LESSON XXI.

sōurçə	jāil	thiēvəz
eōn'duet	reignz	bīd'ding
trēm'blə	be liəz'	light'nīng

GOD.

God is a small word, but there is all in it; all faith and all morals. Nearly all the great truths can be put in a small space, and they need not big words to tell them.

His laws are said in a few words. The same words that the child learns are the same that the man needs to guide his mind and heart; for a man is only a big child.

God tells the child not to swear nor lie nor steal. These are small words, yet they are big with meaning, and

they hold all that is needed to give peace to the family and to the state.

Where God reigns there is bliss. The home in which God rules is happy.

The town, or state, or country, that does not fear or love God, is not in peace.

If all men loved God, there would be no bad men, and then we would have no use for jails.

Many say with their lips that they fear and love God, but their conduct belies their words.

God rules the sea and the storm; the seasons come and go at his bidding; the snows in winter, the flowers in summer, and the fruit in autumn.

He paints all the colors on the trees and flowers, and gives sweet voices to the birds.

He speaks in the thunder and writes on the black clouds with the lightning.

He makes the earth tremble and the ocean roar.

He loves good children, and, if they keep his laws, he will make them live forever with himself in heaven.

LESSON XXII.

rí'flə	römp	rűg	Bən ġal'
əa'ġer	ġaz'ing	fləd	Hĩn'doo
re pört'	stärt'ləd	tənt	strűg'ġling
stri:pəd (stript)		dĩ rēe'tion (shũn)	



THE ENGLISH GIRL AND HER NURSE.

A little English girl in India was one day playing outside her father's tent, near the edge of a jungle. She had been watching for some time a beautiful little

fawn, that seemed too young to run about, and which stood gazing at the child with its soft, dark eyes.

The girl moved towards it; but the fawn started back with a frightened look, and fled. The child gave chase; but the fawn was soon hid among the high grass of the jungle.

When the nurse missed little Mary, she quickly hurried after her. But so eager had the child been in chasing the fawn, that she was some distance from the tent before the nurse overtook her. Catching the child in her arms, the nurse tried to return; but the grass and weeds around were so high, that she could not see two yards before her.

She walked some steps with little Mary in her arms; then stopped and looked round. Fright was pictured in her face. "We are lost!" cried the poor Hindoo woman, "lost in the wide jungle!"

"Do not be so frightened, Nursie," said the little English girl; "God can save us, and show us the way back." The little child could feel, as the Hin-

doo nurse could not, that, even in that wild, lonely jungle, a great and loving Friend was beside her.

Again the nurse tried to find her way ; again she stopped in fear.

What was that sound, like a growl, that startled her, and made her sink on the ground in terror, pressing the little girl all the closer to her breast ? Both turned to look in the direction from which that sound had come.

There they saw the striped head of a Bengal tiger above the waving grass ! The nurse gave a scream of terror ; and little Mary began to pray, as she had been taught by her mother. It seemed like a swift answer to prayer, when the sharp report of a rifle rang through the thicket, quickly followed by a second ; and the tiger, wounded unto death, lay, rolling and struggling on the earth !

Little Mary knew nothing of what followed ; silent with terror, she lay with her face hid in the arms of her trembling nurse.

The rifle-shot came from the hand of

little Mary's father, whom God had sent to their rescue. Lifting his child in his arms, the happy father carried her back to the tent; leaving his servants, who had followed in his steps, to bring in the dead tiger.

The servants took off the fine, large skin of the tiger, and to-day it lies as a rug upon the floor in one of the rooms of the gentleman's home in England.

The tiger's head looks much the same as when it peered out of the thick, waving grass of the jungle. The large, sharp teeth are bare, and the glass eyes look very fierce.

But Mary is not a bit afraid of it now! No, indeed! Many a good romp have she and nursie had over the old tiger's striped back!

Sometimes Mary puts her little pink fingers right between the fierce, sharp teeth, and cries, "Old tiger, bite me now, if you can!"

Sometimes the fair, golden curls hang right down over the fierce face of the tiger, when little Mary makes a pillow

of the tiger's head and goes fast asleep upon it.

But Mary still trembles, when the picture of the waving grass and the tiger in the jungle comes before her; and she does not forget to pray that God will watch over all others who may be lost in the jungle.

LANGUAGE LESSON.

Pupils write from memory the facts of this lesson.

1. Where were the nurse and little girl?
2. How did they happen to be there?
3. What animal came near them?
4. What did the little girl do when she saw it?
5. How were they saved?
6. What was done with the dead animal?
7. Where is India?

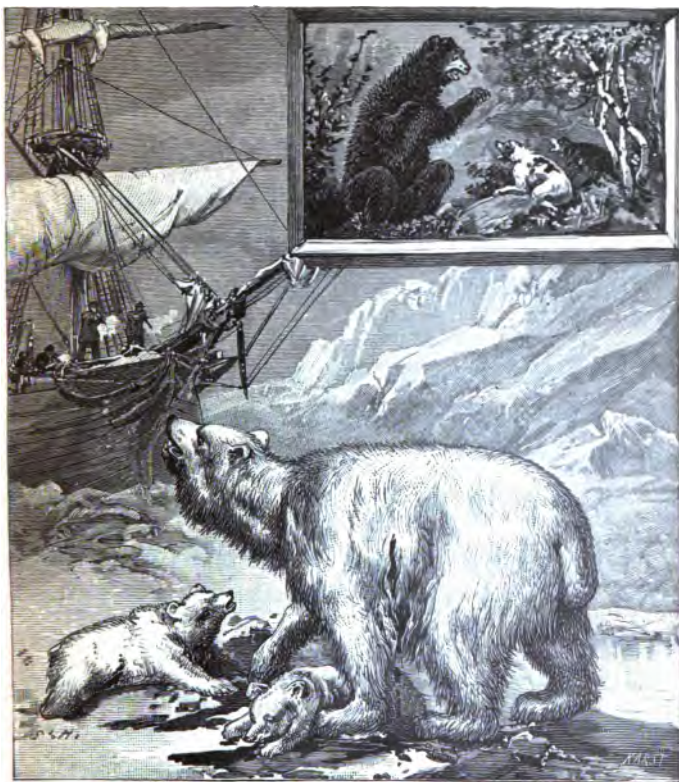
FOR PRACTICE IN ARTICULATION.

Drill pupils carefully in pronouncing the accented syllables in these words.

prēš'ent	āe'cent	ā're a	ho rī'zon
pre šent'	ae čent'	i dē'a	pre tēnse'
re fūše'	āb'sent	re čess'	mu sē'um
rēf'use	ab sēnt'	in quīr'y	op pō'nent

LESSON XXIII.

hŭġ ġāl'lop Ēū'rōpə whālə eār'easə
 ants ġrīz'zly (ŭ'rŭp) dīvəʒ de vours'
 rōot bĕr'rīəs hōl'lōw pō'lar fŭr flăt

**BEARS.**

These animals live in the hottest and coldest countries, and in nearly all parts of the world.

The paws of the bear have long, sharp claws with which he is able to defend himself. The bear has been known to seize his foe or his prey around the body and hug him till he died.

With his claws the bear digs for roots and insects; with them, also, he is able to climb trees.

When the bear walks, he sets his whole foot flat upon the ground. Most animals, as the lion, tiger, and dog, walk on their toes.

The bear is covered with long, shaggy hair. Men kill the bear for his skin and fat. In cold countries the skin, with its fur on, is made into clothes for the boys and girls. There are brown bears, black bears, grizzly bears, and white bears.

The first is found in Europe. He eats roots and leaves of trees, berries of all kinds, corn, and many other things. He is very fond of ants. He scratches their nests out of the earth with his sharp claws, and then takes up the ants and their "eggs" with his long tongue.

The black and grizzly bears belong to America. The first is found in many parts of the country; the second upon, and west of, the Rocky Mountains.

The black bear is much like the brown in size, habits, and shape. He lives in hollow trees and logs, or under and between rocks. As soon as winter comes, he goes into his hollow or cave, and sleeps until spring comes again.

He feeds on berries, eggs, and roots, but will eat flesh also.

A young bear of this kind once got hold of a farmer, who being a very large and strong man, returned hug for hug, till the surprised bear let go his hold and ran away.

The white or polar bear lives among the snow, ice, and waters of the cold north.

He is covered with long white fur. Unlike other bears, the soles of his feet are clothed with this fur; it keeps him from slipping on the ice.

At all times of the year, he will swim through the water, climb over mountains

of ice, and travel through the snow to find the carcass of a whale.

You know when men kill the whale, they take the oil and whalebone, and leave the rest of the body.

He is one of the very best swimmers. During the winter he keeps very close to the water, for here he gets fish and seal to eat.

In the summer he eats berries, seaweeds, and other plants.

This bear uses great cunning to catch a seal. It is said that, if he sees a seal crawl upon a cake of ice, he will swim away from him.

Then he will take short dives toward the seal, being careful that the last dive shall bring him close to the seal.

If the seal should roll into the water, the bear quickly puts his paws around him, and hugs and bites him.

If the seal should lie still, the bear springs upon him, and devours him.

This bear is not only a good swimmer, but he can run as fast as a horse can gallop.

LESSON XXIV.

hón'ey blüb'ber scent slīd tōrə
 wōund re prōach' sting likəd (līkt)
 de spāir' āt trāet'ed eōmb tēn'der nēss

STORIES OF BEARS.

1.

Once a white she-bear and two large cubs were attracted by the scent of some blubber that was burning on the ice.

They ran to the blubber, took some pieces from the fire, and ate them hurriedly.

Some sailors who saw the bears threw them large pieces of the blubber from the ship.

The old bear took these pieces and gave them to her cubs, keeping a very small piece for herself.

As they were eating the last piece, the men shot the cubs, and wounded the mother.

Her distress was most painful to see, and, though wounded, she crawled to the spot where they lay, tore the blubber into smaller pieces, and put some before each.

Finding they did not eat, she tried to raise them, making piteous moans all the time.

She then went away from them, looked back and moaned; and this failing to bring them, she returned and licked their wounds.

She did this a second time, and still finding that the cubs did not follow, she went round and pawed them with great tenderness.

Seeing, at last, that they were lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, and by a growl seemed to reproach the sailors for having shot them.

They returned this with a number of rifle balls. She fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds.

2.

A farmer once went upon the mountain to hunt bees. After traveling for some time, he thought he saw bees go in and out of the top of an old tree. The tree was very high and large. He climbed the tree, and found the top was dead and hollow.

He then smoked the bees so that they could not sting. Then he climbed down into the hollow, to get the honey; but when near the honey-comb, he lost his hold and fell into the large store of honey which the bees had put there.

He stuck fast and could not get out. He cried for help, but no one heard him.

Here he stayed for two days. He ate honey to keep himself from starving, but he was in great despair.

On the third day, he saw something dark enter the top of the tree. When he saw the animal was a bear, he was greatly frightened.

Some bears are very fond of honey. They will find the hives of wild bees by the smell of the honey.

The bear slid down the hollow of the tree hind-part foremost. Down, down he went till he reached the man.

A happy thought struck the poor man in this moment of great danger, and he seized hold of the tail of the bear.

In surprise and great fright, the beast climbed out of the tree as fast as he could,

taking the man with him. The bear, when rid of his load, ran away as fast as he could, and the man could not thank him.

COMPOSITION.

Subject: THE BEAR.

What is his shape? His size? What is his color?
 How many kinds of bears? Where do they live?
 What kind of a home does he have? What does
 he eat? Can he walk, run, climb, or swim?

Have you ever seen one? Where?

Tell some story you have heard or read of bears?

This same outline will do for Compositions on "The Tiger,"
 "The Wolf," "The Fox," and "The Lion."

FOR PRACTICE IN ARTICULATION.

1.

Drill carefully in pronouncing c (hard), and its equivalents, in these words.

c = eh = k = ck = qu.

call	tale	lick	Christ'mas
king	pie'nie	liq'uid	ear'riage
kind	liq'uor	Chris'tian	char'ae ter

2.

Drill carefully in pronouncing c (soft), and its equivalents, in these words.

ç = s = sw = ss.

cent	raçe	po liçe'	bless
cel'lar	sent	pen'çil	guess
cit'ies	some	an'swer	de çeive'
çi'der	sigh	sword	ae çept'

LESSON XXV.

feast Jôr'dan mĭn'is trĭ Hĕav'en
 Isl'and Păt'mos en trĭst'ed dis cr'plĕ
 gŏs'pel vĭs'ions Tĕs'tament Ĕph'e sus
 bĭsh'op eal'dron dĭs cŏurs'es dĭvĭn'itĭ

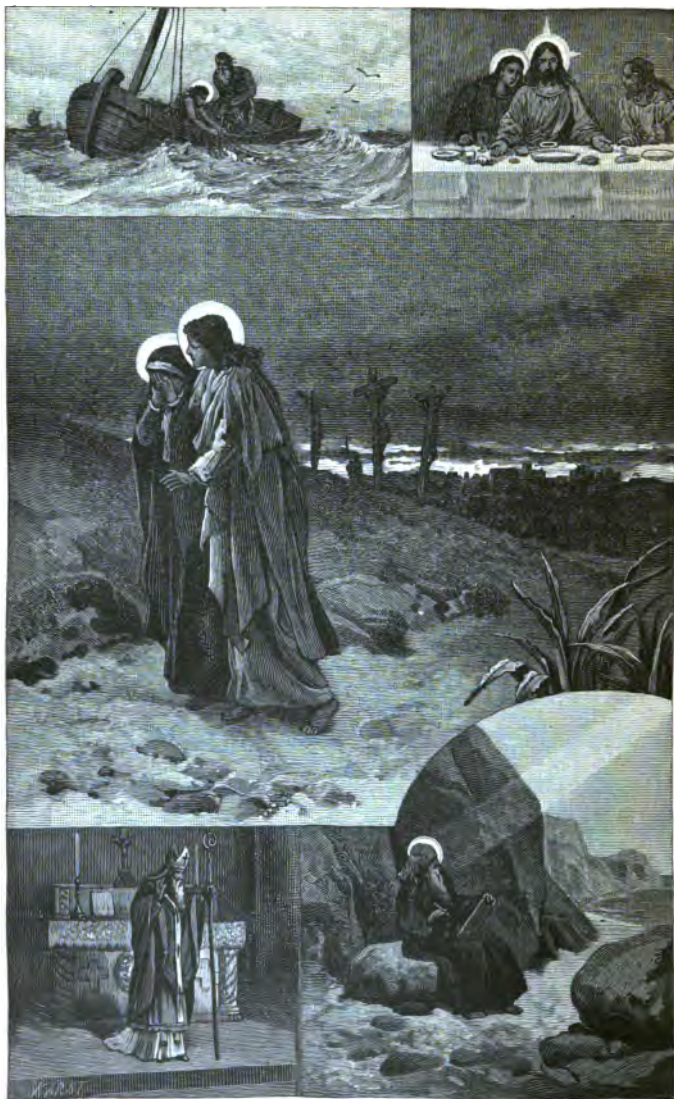
ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

This apostle was the son of a poor fisherman. He was born in the town of Bethsaida. Of his boyhood we know very little. He helped his father to fish in the waters about his native town.

But God was preparing him quietly for a greater work.

St. John, who was the youngest of the apostles in age, was called to follow Christ on the banks of the Jordan river during the first days of our Lord's ministry.

St. John is called the disciple whom Jesus loved. The introduction to his Gospel is the most sublime passage in the whole Bible. All his writings breathe a spirit of tenderness and love which came from his intimate relations with



ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

his Divine Master. When he was too old to preach, it is said that he used to come out on the altar and repeat the words, "My little children, love one another." But this short sermon contained more than is found in many long ones.

It was pleasant and edifying to see the venerable Bishop of Ephesus, with tottering form and gray head, come forth, Sunday after Sunday, to preach the self-same short sermon to his people.

St. John was the favorite apostle of our Lord. His head rested on Christ's bosom at the Last Supper. He was entrusted with the care of the Blessed Virgin after her Divine Son's death on the Cross. Of all the apostles, he alone stood near the Cross when Christ died; the others having fled in terror. Just as Peter was distinguished by faith in his Divine Master, John was remarkable for his love for Him.

He was Bishop of Ephesus, and preached the religion of Christ in Asia Minor. He was arrested here, taken to Rome,

and thrown into a caldron of boiling oil. The Lord cared for him, and the hot oil did not burn him.

After this, he was banished to the island of Patmos. While on this island, he saw visions of Heaven.

St. John wrote the last of the four gospels and other portions of the New Testament. His gospel contains a fuller report of the discourses of Christ than any of the others.

He presents proofs in the strongest manner to show the divinity of Christ.

He died at a great age in the year one hundred.

St. John's feast is on the twenty-seventh of December.

LANGUAGE LESSON.

1. Where was St. John born?
2. What did his father do?
3. Where is the river Jordan? Learn something of it.
4. Why did the oil not burn St. John?
5. Look on your map and find the island of Patmos.
6. What did St. John write?
7. When did St. John die?

LESSON XXVI.

æ çəpt' Rəy'nard slŭnk erăb hărm
 de çəivə' eling'ing I də'ă möck'ing
 wă'ger ăd vān'tage
 sneered appēar'ance

**THE FOX AND THE LAND-CRAB.**

A young land-crab once crept out of his pond to take a little walk in a meadow, and see what was going on in the world.

A fox who happened to be passing at the moment noticed the crab as he crept slowly along, and, after having wished him good-morning, added, in a mocking tone, "Where are you going so slowly? When do you hope to get to the other

side of this field? It seems to me that you go backward instead of forward."

Now, this young crab had heard how sly foxes are, and he thought there could be no harm in playing this one a trick, so he answered politely, "I am only a crab, it is true, and I cannot walk so gracefully as you, Mr. Fox, but I can run much faster."

Mr. Fox sneered, "Indeed?"

"Well," said the crab, "as you appear to doubt my speed, suppose we run a race for a wager."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," returned the fox.

"Suppose we try half a mile, or say a mile; that will not be too much for either of us," said the crab.

"A mile!" echoed the fox, as if he thought, "What is a mile to me? I can run that while the crab is getting ready to set off."

"I will offer you one advantage," added the crab, "which you must accept if I am to race with you."

"Well, let me hear what it is," said

Reynard, who was beginning to lose patience.

"I will give you the start of me. Place yourself so that your hind feet touch my nose, and when I cry, 'Away!' you must set off."

This plan seemed to please Mr. Fox, and he answered, "I will do as you wish."

At the same time he turned round and placed his bushy tail within the reach of the crab, who seized the long hair tightly with his claws, without the fox's knowing that he had done so, and shouted at the same moment, "Away!"

Off started Mr. Fox as if the hunters were behind him, his feet scarcely touching the ground. As soon as he reached the mile-stone he turned round and cried, "Where are you, Mr. Crab?"

Now, as the fox turned round to look for the crab, his tail touched the mile-stone, and the crab, making the best of his chance, let go his hold, and answered: "Here am I waiting for you. I was just wondering when you would make your

appearance; you have taken time enough to get over a mile."

Now, Mr. Fox, who had no idea that he had brought the crab all the way clinging to his brush, looked much surprised at seeing him there, not the least warmed or tired; and not knowing what to say, he paid his wager and slunk home to his den, thinking, "I will never laugh at a crab again."

Those who are always trying to deceive others may expect, some day, to be caught by the very people they have been trying to deceive.

LANGUAGE LESSON.

1. Describe the crab.
2. What is a wager? A fable?
3. What was this wager for?
4. Which is built for running, the crab or the fox?
5. What is the fox's brush?
6. Which won the wager?

COMPOSITION.

Subject: THE FOX.

1. To which family does the fox belong?
2. Where does he live? What does he eat?
3. Will he steal? Why is he said to be "sly"?
4. Relate a story showing his cunning.

LESSON XXVII.

flōws	būb'blə	dew (dū)
twīg	sēl'dòm	təugh (tūf)
wēave	in elinəs'	dēəkd (dēkt)
eā'blə	dī'a mond	dī rēe'tion (shūn)

CHOICE QUOTATIONS.

ON TRUTH.

Dare to be true ; nothing can need a lie.

HERBERT.

To thine own self, be true.

SHAKESPEARE.

He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free.

COWPER.

Truth is tough. It will not break like a bubble, at a touch : nay, you may kick it about all day like a foot-ball, and it will be round and full at evening.

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

CHILDHOOD.

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows

Is like the dew-drop on the rose ;
When next the summer breeze comes by
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Children are like flowers, which one night's frost may wither.

BISHOP BARRON.

LIFE.

Act well your part; there all the honor lies.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Don't allow yourself to wish for that which is your neighbor's until he wishes to part with it.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

HABIT.

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, till at last we cannot break it.

HORACE MANN.

As the twig is bent, the tree inclines.

ALEXANDER POPE.

CONTENT.

My crown is in my heart, not on my head,
Not decked with diamonds, and Indian
stones,
Not to be seen; my crown is called
content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

FRIENDSHIP.

Old friends are best.

SELDEN.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

R. W. EMERSON.

Love—thy dear ones, home and country;
Stand by each in time of need.

What sunshine is to the flower, that
is kindness to the heart of a child.

LANGUAGE LESSON.

1. Commit to memory these quotations.
2. Write from memory a quotation on "Truth."
3. Write from memory a quotation on "Childhood."
4. Write from memory a quotation on "Habit."
5. Write from memory a quotation on "Life."
6. Write from memory a quotation on "Friendship."

FOR PRACTICE IN ARTICULATION.

1.

*Drill carefully in pronouncing **ch** and its equivalent, **tch**, in these words.*

much	chew	catch	speech
each	chicks	match	child
choice	change	scratch	cheap

2.

*Drill carefully in pronouncing **gh**, and its equivalents, in these words.*

gh = sh = ce = ti = s = ci.

show	ō'cean	ma ġhīne'	nā'tion
sure	sō'cial	mō'tion	pā'tient

LESSON XXVIII.

lull	pīnə	līn'ger	zəph'yrz
glōw	seərs	trēs's'es	vīʒ'ions
brow	ru'by	tān'gləd	(vīzh'ūnz)
slūm'ber		ūn ər'ing	



TIRED LITTLE MOTHER.

Tired mother! sweetly sleeping,
 All her cares and troubles o'er,
 Angels near her, watch are keeping;
 May they leave her nevermore!

Household cares, and Dolly's dresses,
All forgotten.—Nothing now
Troubles mamma, with her tresses
Ruffled, tangled o'er her brow.

Gentle zephyrs, kissing lightly
Lips as red as ruby light,
Lull to slumber eyes that brightly
Glow with childhood's visions bright.

Dreamless sleep, now holds her tightly :
Rest—the rest for which all pine,
Nothing troubling ; all things lightly
Press upon her childish mind.

Can we know the many troubles
That have caused her anxious thought ?
We may think them light as bubbles,
But how dearly they are bought !

Childhood's troubles !—How they linger
With us as the days roll on !
And how Time's unerring finger
Marks the scars—though youth is gone !

A dreary place would be this earth
Were there no little people in it ;
The songs of joy would lose their mirth
Were there no children to begin it.

LESSON XXIX.

stātes	jūice	list'en	æct'ive
seedz	boiled	trād'ed	pēp'per
pālms	chōpped	Ja pān'	hār'vests
strān'ger		in vit'ed	

"WIDE AWAKES" AT TEA.

Miss Ross has a class of little boys and girls whom she calls her "Wide Awakes." There are in the class, Lucy and Lillie, Willie and Charley, Etta, Bert, and Tom.

Their bright eyes are not only wide open, but their active young minds are looking out of them, as out of clear windows, upon everything around them.

How many wonderful things pass before the brightest eyes, without being seen by them! This is because the mind within is sleeping, lazy, or too playful to take notice.

But the minds of our young "Wide Awakes" see through their eyes, and their lips are always asking such questions as these: What is this? What use is it? Where did it come from?

If they cannot answer these questions themselves, they ask Miss Ross.

Miss Ross has just begun to tell them about tea. Shall we listen to her?

"Tea," she is saying, "is the leaf of a plant which grows in China and Japan.

"The leaves are pointed at the ends, and of a dark green color. The flowers are white.

"If you should go to those countries, you would see the south side of almost every hill covered to the top with the tea-plant, growing, not so much in large fields, as in small gardens.

"Each of these is some cottager's tea-garden. The tea which the Chinaman does not use, he sells to buy food and clothing for his family."

"Do they plant the tea, or does it come up of itself?" Willie asks.

"The tea-plant is raised from seeds which are planted in rows," replies the teacher. "The young plant has to be cared for and weeded for three years, and then the planters may gather their first crop of leaves."

"Do the leaves fall off as do those of our forest trees?" This question, Bert asks.

"No," says Miss Ross, "the plant is an evergreen; but the leaves can only be gathered at times. There are three harvests a year."

Lillie now wants to know if the leaves get dry upon the trees, and curl up before they are picked off.

"O, no; the long leaves are fresh and green, and are very carefully picked," answers Miss Ross.

"They are dried in iron pans over the fire. While drying, the leaves are stirred quickly, and as soon as they begin to crack, they are taken out and spread upon a table.

"Then the work-people roll the leaves in the palms of their hands to press the juice out of them.

"After being rolled, the leaves have to go into the pan again, and over the fire. There they begin to curl up, and at last they look as we see 'tea' in this country."

"I know a story about tea; may I tell it?" says Lucy.

"We will listen very gladly," Miss Ross replies.

So, Lucy begins:—"Long ago, when tea was very dear, and but little used, there lived an old woman whose son was a sailor. His ship traded with China, and he brought back some tea, as a present, to his old mother.

"Of course she was pleased to get it, and invited her friends to come and taste the wonderful stuff. She boiled the tea, and after pouring off the water, which she threw away, she chopped up the tea-leaves, and mixed them with pepper, salt, and butter.

"Her friends were greatly surprised that rich people should spend their money on such bitter 'greens.'"

The "Wide Awakes" all laughed at the poor old lady's mistake, and then Etta says:

"Grandma thinks that I can make as nice a cup of tea as anybody. I take just a little tea, then I pour boiling-hot water

over it, and set it upon the stove. There I let it stay a few moments till it draws."

"What does it draw?" asks Charley, with a sly look in his eye. Charley loves to tease.

"Why, the hot water draws the flavor of the tea out of the leaves," replies Etta, who does not think Charley is at all funny this time.

Then Charley, who is a jolly boy, tells about the servant girl who was told to "draw the tea." She did so, by putting the tea in a little wagon, which she drew back and forth over the kitchen floor.

Miss Ross smiles at Charley's story, which is not quite new to her, and says: "Tea is a stranger, now, to very few tables in Europe or America."

"Why do we not raise tea in our country, Miss Ross?" asks Lillie.

"In some of the warm parts of our country, crops of tea have been raised. It is quite likely that at some future time, some of our Western States will be tea-growing states.

"At present, the tea raised here has

not the rich flavor of that which comes from China or Japan."

The lesson now closes for to-day.

CONVERSATIONAL LESSONS.

ON TEA AND COFFEE.

Tea.—The best tea is grown in *China* and *Japan*. The plant is obtained from *seeds*; the plant is kept *dwarfed* in height.

The *flower* of the plant is white; its leaves are not collected until the *third year's growth*; they are usually gathered *three times* a year.

The leaves are dried (1st) slowly in the *sun*, (2d) in heated metal *pans*, (3d) in the *hands* of the *natives*, who roll and rub the juice from the leaves, (4th), again, in metal *pans* of less heat than the former pans.

The "*green*" and "*black*" teas are produced from the same plant; the *differences* result from time of picking and the way of preparing the leaves.

The different *names* arise from the place where the plant is grown.

Coffee.—We have learned something of coffee in a preceding lesson. It is a native of *Arabia* and *Eastern Africa*. It is grown in *Brazil*, *Central America*, and the *West Indies*. The tree grows to a height of ten or twelve feet. The tree is kept *dwarfed* in height.

Its *flowers* are white and very fragrant. The *fruit* has the appearance of a cherry, and contains two seeds or "*beans*." The *berries* are dried in the sun, and afterwards passed between rollers to remove the *husk* from the beans. The *flavor* of coffee which we enjoy is only produced by the action of *heat*. Therefore the beans are *roasted*.

LESSON XXX.

mār'shaləd	be stüd	vī'tals
glit'ter ing	ehō'rus	hôr'ror
förə bōd'ings	dī'a dēm	foun'der ing



THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When marshaled on the nightly plain
 The glittering host bestud the sky,
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks—
It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was
dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering
bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and danger's
thrall
It led me to the port of peace.

Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The star, the star of Bethlehem!

H. K. WHITE.

LESSON XXXI.

ex ăm'i nă'tion	pro mōt'ed	va eă'tion
in'vi tă'tion	Rōb'in sən	Crų'sōə

Melrose, June 15th, 1888.

My Dear Grace:—

We were all very glad to hear of your success in the school examination. You have been promoted into a higher class, and, best of all, you have won the prize! I clapped my hands with joy, when I read all this in your letter.

How proud of you your father, and mother, and teachers must be! I know papa would be delighted, if I could succeed so well. Papa says: "Tell Grace, I hope that this is only *one* of many successes of the same kind. When her school-days are over, I trust her success in life will be as great."

There! I think I have written that down all right. It sounds grand, like papa, doesn't it?

Mamma says: (and I like much better to write this!) "Tell Grace I congratulate her; and if her mamma is willing, we would be very much pleased to have her spend her vacation with us in the country."

O, Grace, I shall be quite happy, if you

will accept this invitation. What long rides, and walks, and talks we could have!

The schools here close the 1st of July; and then, we go away at once to the country. What shall we read this summer? Do you like History, or shall we read about strange lands, and the wonderful sights which travelers see? Or, do you enjoy stories about boys and girls?

Dick likes to read about animals, and also about soldiers and sailors. He thinks "Robinson Crusoe" is the best book that was ever written. Have you read it?

It is about a man who was cast ashore upon a lonely island far out in the ocean. The ship in which he sailed was wrecked, and the waves washed him alone upon the shore. The story tells how he got along: how he made his own house, his clothes, and got his food; and how he made friends with the animals, and was very happy. Dick thinks *he* would like to be a Robinson Crusoe very much.

I shall be anxious to get your next letter, because I want to be sure that we shall have the pleasure of seeing you soon.

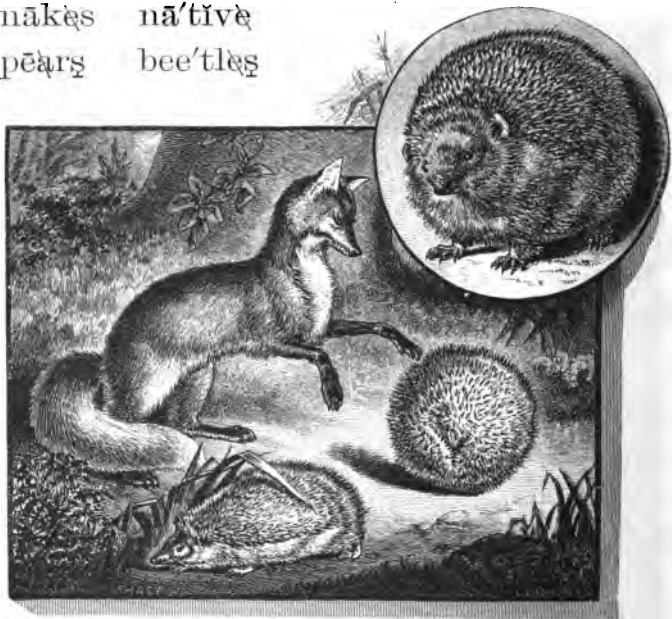
Mamma and Papa send their love to your dear parents, and I am

Yours very truly,

HELEN BARNETT.

LESSON XXXII.

möss	spīnēs	īnch'es	pro jēet'
hēaps	hēights	prīck'ly	fīrm
snākēs	nā'tivē		
spēars	bee'tlēs		



THE HEDGEHOG.

The hedgehog is a kindly creature, but he has a very rough appearance. As he lies curled up in a corner, you might take him to be a ball of thorns.

He is a small animal, about nine inches in length, with long nose, short ears,

neck, legs, and tail, and five sharp claws to each foot.

His coat is covered all over the upper parts with spines about an inch long; and the animal can roll himself into a ball from which the spines project on every side, presenting to his foe a very dangerous array of weapons.

When he is not disturbed, the spines lie down like fur, and, if they are stroked the right way with the hand, they are as soft as velvet.

His foes are foxes, dogs, and cats.

The hedgehog cannot do much in the way of fighting, but he can defend himself from almost any of his foes. He lays his head on his breast, pulls up his legs, and curls his body round these members, making of himself a firm elastic ball, with the spines standing out like spears all round it.

The hedgehog is a native of most parts of Europe, and lives in the woods and fields. He moves about only at night, and lays up no stores for the winter. He sleeps during the four cold months in

some hole at the base of a tree, beneath roots, or heaps of grass, leaves, or moss.

Although the hedgehog belongs to the insect-eating animals, he has good teeth and is willing to try them on any kind of game ; rabbits, mice, and, best of all, a nest of young birds.

Frogs and snakes, he easily kills. In eating a snake, he always begins at the tail. The poison of snakes, or indeed any kind of poison, does not seem to hurt him. As a hunter of black beetles, he is most welcome in kitchen and garden.

The young hedgehogs are strange little things. They do not look like hedgehogs at all ; they might pass for young birds. The spines are white and soft, and look like the beginnings of feathers on young birds. Like kittens and puppies, young hedgehogs do not see till they are some days old ; nor do they hear.

From two to four little hedgehogs make a family, and the mother builds a nice little house, covering it with a roof which turns off the rain.

They grow fast, and soon get stiffer

and darker spines. More slowly they learn to draw their skin down over their faces, and it is not till they are about full grown, that they can curl themselves up into a prickly ball.

LESSON XXXIII.

jaws	a löft'	din	flails
maize	be höld'	fling	thrive
grän'ite	wrës'tle	me lö'di	qüs

THE WINDMILL.

Behold ! a giant am I !

Aloft here in my tower,

With my granite jaws I devour

The maize, and the wheat, and the rye,

And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms ;

In the fields of grain I see

The harvest that is to be,

And I fling to the air my arms,

For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails

Far off, from the threshing-floors

In barns with their open doors,

And the wind, the wind in my sails
Louder, and louder roars.



I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below,
And whichever way it may blow,
I meet it face to face,
As a brave man meets his foe.
And while we wrestle and strive,
My master, the miller, stands

And feeds me with his hands ;
 For he knows who makes him thrive,
 Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays, I take my rest ;
 Church-going bells begin
 Their low melodious din ;
 I cross my arms on my breast,
 And all is peace within.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

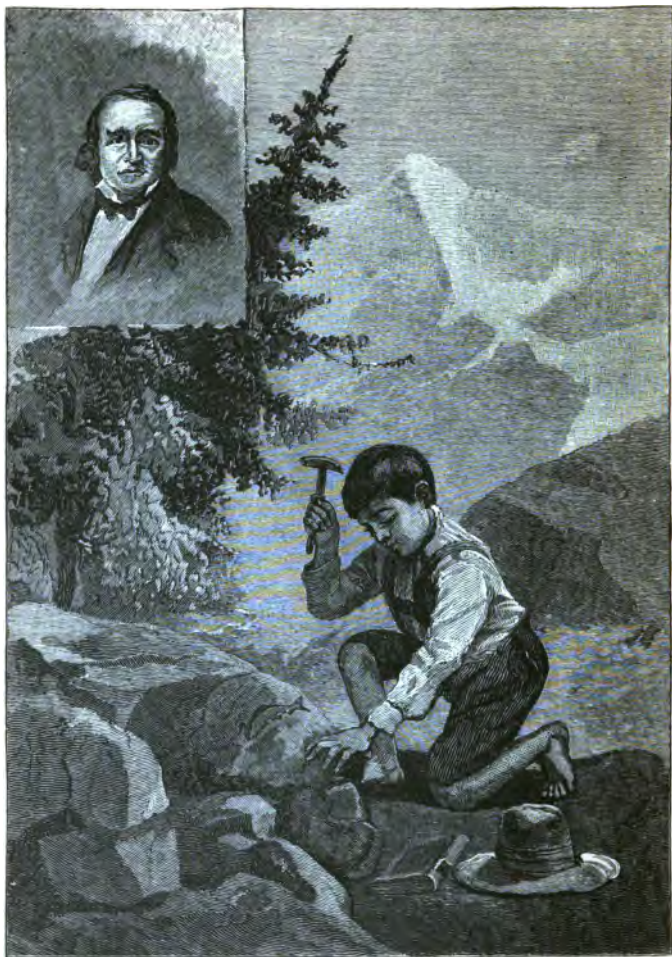
LESSON XXXIV.

fös'silş	häm'mer	sō cī'e tŷ	Ĉām'bridgə
Ālps	Ād'am	Lōn'dōn	de serībəd'
bēardş	hūn'ger	glā'ciērs	mū şē'um
nāt'ūrə		in strū'e'tion	(shūn)

LOUIS AGASSIZ.¹

A poor Swiss boy began alone to study Nature's great book. It was his delight to spell out the lessons written in the rocks, and to learn the facts which fossils teach. Fishes that have been dead for ages would talk to him, and tell him stories of the past, till his face would glow, and his eyes grow bright.

¹ (lōō'ē) (ăġ'a see).



With hammer in his hand, Louis was often seen climbing among the rocks of the Alps, in search of new lessons.

His clothes were old and poor, and he had but little money in his pocket. "It

was a sum so small, when my hunger was so big!" Louis once said.

When he was a little older, he went to London. He wanted to see and know some of the great men whom Nature had made wise. One day he stood before one of these learned men.¹

"Well, sir, what do you know?" said the great man, not very kindly.

"I think I know a little about fishes, sir," was Louis' timid reply.

"To-night," said the gentleman, "we have a meeting of the Royal Society; see that you are there!"

With these words, he sent Louis away; but the boy was at the meeting. After the meeting was called to order, the gentleman got up to speak. He had something in his hand which Louis could not see, for he held his other hand over it.

"I have here," said he, "a fish that lived upon the earth long before the time of Adam."

He then went on to tell when, and how he had found it; then, turning to

¹ Sir Roderick Murchison.

Louis, he said: "Can our young friend, who 'knows something about fishes,' tell us anything about this one?"

Then the boy who had gone on his hands and knees to follow old foot-prints in the rocks, who had stood for hours beside a single fossil, and who had talked face to face with just such a fish as the man of science had described—this boy, Louis, went, at once, to the blackboard.

With a few lines, Louis drew a picture of a fish which proved to be of a kind just like the one that the speaker held in his closed hand.

At once, there was a place made for the boy among those old gray-beards of science, and they looked upon him as one of themselves.

As years went by, book after book full of the teachings of Nature came from Louis' pen, till in many ways, Nature seemed to us to be a stranger no longer.

He described to the world those valleys of the high Alps, where the snow and ice have lain as long as the mountains have been standing; and people soon

knew more than they had ever known about the wonders of the glaciers.

When Louis, then Doctor Agassiz, in the year 1846, came to America, our country was proud to open unto him the wonders of our shores, our plains, and our mountains; while we, as a people, listened spell-bound to the lessons which he drew from them.

Three of the colleges of this country have enjoyed the benefit of Doctor Agassiz's instructions; namely, The Medical College, Charleston, S. C., Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., and Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass.

In 1859 Doctor Agassiz founded a museum as a part of Harvard College. Here are gathered animals of all kinds, of all countries, and, we might say, those of all ages. After years of useful work, he died, December 14, 1873, in the city of Cambridge.

LANGUAGE LESSON.

Write the name of this man.

Where did Louis learn about fishes?

What is meant by "Swiss boy"?

Write the names of the fishes you know.

Does a fish have blood?

Does a fish close its eyes?

Can fish hear? How do they breathe?

LESSON XXXV.

Ig nā'tius at tēst'ed Jăp'an ēşə
 mŭl'ti tŭdə Grĕğ'o rŷ eount'less
 eon vĕrt'ed
 phi lōs'o phŷ



Jēs'u it pā'gans
 Spān'ish in'fi delş

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

This great Jesuit missionary of the sixteenth century was born in Navarre, in 1506.

He belonged to a noble Spanish family.

When St. Francis grew to manhood, he went to Paris and became a teacher of mental philosophy.

While he was teaching in Paris, he became acquainted with St. Ignatius of Loyola, the founder of the Society of Jesus.

St. Xavier joined him, and he was sent, at the request of the king of Portugal, to the East Indies, to reform the Christians settled there in the Portuguese possessions, and convert the infidels to Christianity.

He labored to the end of his life at Goa, Socotra, Malacca, Ceylon, and on some of the islands of the Japanese empire, and with such success that he converted millions to the true faith.

He performed countless miracles, which were well attested.

He was the greatest missionary that has lived since the time of the apostles. Before his time, St. Columbanus, the Irish missionary of the sixth century, and St. Dominic, the Spanish missionary of the thirteenth century, had converted millions in Europe from sin and error.

But no one since the days of St. Paul had brought into the church such a

multitude of pagans as St. Xavier. He baptized one million infidels with his own hand, and converted fifty-two kings to the gospel of Christ.

He was a man of wonderful zeal and piety. Although distinguished for his learning, he loved to teach Catechism, and instruct little children and the poor and ignorant in the doctrines of our Lord.

St. Francis Xavier died on a little barren island off the coast of China in 1552.

He was declared a saint by Pope Gregory XV. in 1622, and since that time, many colleges and churches throughout the world have been named after him.

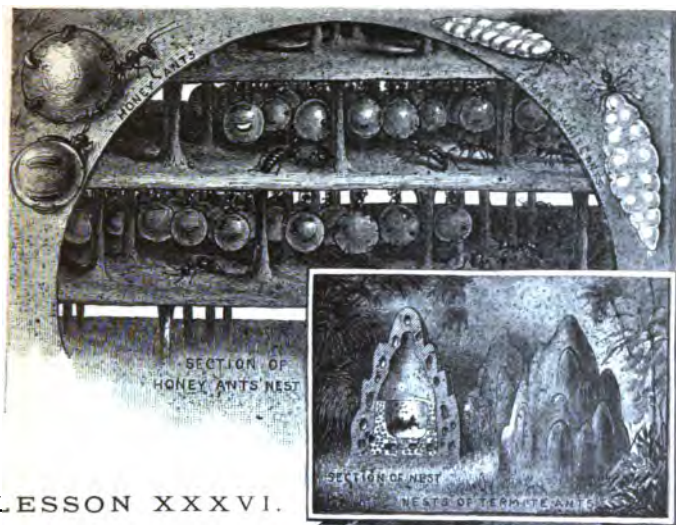
This shows that the fame of the saint is often greater than that of the statesman or of the warrior.

Every church named after a saint is a monument erected in his honor. A saint's memory is ever green and loved; but not so the memory of the great ones of the world.

So eō'tră

Ma lăe'ea

Çeÿ lon'



LESSON XXXVI.

trībē gūīdēs
 sēnsē sŷs'tēm
 wīnd re ċēivēs
 pū'pā eo ēōōnŷ'
 lār'vā moist'ēnŷ
 a eūte' dēl'i eatē
 stā'gēs
 hātchēd (cht)
 īn tēl'li ġēnçē

PICTURES FROM ANT
 LIFE.

Ants are small in-
 sects, the largest being
 not more than a half an inch in length.



They can carry loads ten times their own weight. Their sense of smell is very acute, and they are both brave and busy.

Ants live in societies, made up of two classes: the king and queen ants, and the workers. The first are few in number. They have delicate glistening wings, and the queen is the larger.

The workers are smaller in size, are wingless, and are made up, also, of two classes: workers and soldiers.

The workers do the building, keep house, gather food, and nurse the young.

The duty of the soldier is to defend his own society, and to go to war upon other tribes.

There are three stages in the babyhood of an ant: first, the egg; second, the larva, or worm; and third, the pupa, or cocoon.

Through all these stages, the young insect receives the greatest care; not from its mother, but from the slave-nurse.

The nurse seizes the eggs as soon as they are laid, moistens them with her tongue, and carries them to a safe place.

The larva and the pupa are the small white objects, which one sees the workers carrying away in great haste, whenever a nest of ants has been disturbed. Most people think that they are grains of wheat.

The eggs are hatched in a few days, and then the young larvæ take even more of the nurse's care.

She feeds them from her own mouth, washes them often with her tongue, and, every morning, if the day is fine, she carries them out into the air and sunlight. At sunset, also, if the day is cold or wet, she takes them back in again.

She is also ever at hand to help them, when, as real ants, they are ready to come out of their cocoons.

In the system with which they carry out their duties day by day, in the intelligence which seems to guide all their actions, ants are among the most wonderful of God's creatures.

lar'vá (*sing.*)

pū'pá (*sing.*)

lar'væ (*plural.*)

pū'pæ (*plural.*)

CONVERSATIONAL LESSONS.**USEFUL AND INTERESTING INFORMATION ABOUT ANTS.****HONEY ANTS.**

In the market places of Mexico, the traveler will notice live ants for sale. These are honey ants, and the boys and girls of Mexico think them as much of a treat, as you do candy.

The whole of the back part of the body of this ant is filled with clear, yellow honey.

One takes the head and shoulders of the ant between his fingers, sucks the honey out of its body, and throws the rest away.

The honey ant lives under the ground in a dome-shaped cell.

The tribe has its king and queen, but it is made up for the most part of honey-bearers and workers.

The honey-bearers have but one duty; that is to hang sleeping from the roof of their cell, and let the other ants draw honey from their bodies, when it is their pleasure to do so.

When a tired worker wants her dinner, she goes to one of these living honey-bags, and touches it lightly with her feelers.

The honey-bearer seems to wake up, turns its head a little, and at once gives forth a drop of fine yellow honey.

Most of the tribe are busy workers. They go out at night and collect from the gall insect of the oak tree, a bitter-sweet fluid.

This fluid they carry home and feed to the honey-bearers, whose bodies soon become round and full, and look like ripe yellow berries.

ARMY ANTS OF AFRICA.

These ants do not build a nest or home of any kind. They carry nothing with them, but eat their prey on the spot.

It is their habit to march in a long line about two inches broad, and often many miles in length.

A well-known African traveler¹ says that, in number, these armies are so great that it took twelve hours for one to pass the spot from which he watched it.

All along the line, larger ants, that act as officers, stand outside the ranks and keep the army in order.

These ants are said to be blind, and to march only at night, or upon cloudy days. If the sun comes out, and there are no trees to shelter them, they at once dig tunnels, four or five feet under ground, through which the army passes to the forest beyond.

As they approach, the insect world flies before them; the black men run for their lives; the elephant and gorilla make haste to be gone.

Every creature that lives in the line of their march is driven away. A force of ants kills a strong rat in a few minutes; and in less than five minutes more, its bones are stripped clean.

Wherever they go, they make a clean sweep; even going to the tops of the highest trees after their prey.

In this way they are useful to the negroes. They do the house-cleaning for them; that is, they clear their huts of insects, rats and mice, two or three times a year.

The manner in which these ants attack their

¹ Paul du Chaillu.

prey, will interest you. With a quick, sudden leap they make their attack, fix their strong pincers at once into the flesh; and they only let go when a piece of the flesh gives way.

Drill pupils carefully upon these words, that they may read them at sight.

răṅks	lēap	tūn'nelḡ	at tăḡk'
lēngth	pīn'ḡersḡ	măn'ner	Ăf'rī ean
tēr'rī blē	ōf'fī ḡersḡ	erīm'i nals	

SLAVE-HOLDERS.

That ants keep the plant-louse as their cow, and that they keep other ants as slaves, are facts well known; but that they keep other insects, too, is not so well known; it is, however, true.

Ants sometimes keep in their cell a large blind beetle. This beetle never goes out of the cell. The ants bring it the food which it needs, and put the same into its mouth.

In return for these attentions, the beetle gives out from the pores of its body, a fluid which the ants lick up in a very greedy manner.

In the halls and cells of some of the nests, are found hundreds of small worms, that creep around here and there quite "at home." Of these the ants seem to take no more notice, than we do of the dogs in our streets.

Likewise, a kind of blind wood-louse is found in their cells. The ants are quite content to have it there, and do not disturb it.

Except these few creatures, the ant drives out, or kills, all intruders.

A great naturalist¹ says, that no doubt these strangers keep the ant-cells clear of other insects, and serve the same purpose there, that the cat does in the home of man.

ANT-FARMERS.

These ants of Texas, clear a portion of ground near their nests, and let nothing grow in it except a kind of rice.

Some naturalists say that the ants plant their rice, as well as take care of it. It is certain that they weed the ground, and, when their rice is ripe, they harvest it, and take it away.

After this, they again clear the land, and fix the ground ready for another harvest.

HARVESTING ANTS.

These busy little insects are found mostly in India. They are so small, that it takes eight or ten of them to move a single grain of wheat.

But they will roll their load along for many hundred yards, if need be, to get it to their cell.

It is to these ants that King Solomon refers, when he says: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise."

These ants do store food away; really "gather it into barns." But most ants do not do so. In most parts of the world the ant sleeps through the cold winter months, like the bear, the hedgehog, the frog, and the snake.

This little harvester stores away a wonderful amount of grain, and takes good care of it, too. He will not let it mold, but if the rain gets at it, he

¹ Sir John Lubbock.

will carry it, grain by grain, back into the sunlight to dry.

Drill pupils carefully upon these words, that they may read them at sight.

re fers'	Těx'as	slüg'gard	riçə	pōrəs
greed'y	çēr'tain	in trüd'ers	frög	louseə
mónths	eon sld'er	Söl'o món	năt'ũ	ral 1st

WORD EXERCISES.

- beat** The man — the poor dog with a stick.
- beet** Sugar is obtained from the —.
- break** be careful not to — your slate.
- brake** The — on the car was not strong enough.
- bread** The best — is made from the flour of rye and wheat.
- bred** A well- — boy is always respectful.
- base** Boys think it fine sport to play — ball.
- bass** The man has a deep — voice.
- base** It was a mean, — trick to soil the poor boy's hat.
- birth** The — -day of *George Washington* is on the 22d of February.
- berth** I slept in a good — on the Troy boat.
- berth** Will's position, or —, paid him well.
- beach** The — at *Atlantic City* is the finest on the Jersey coast.
- beech** Shoe-pegs and faucets are made from the wood of the — tree.
- bale** A whole — of cotton was made into thread.
- bail** *Horace Greeley* gave — for the prisoner, *Jefferson Davis*.

LESSON XXXVII.

sight guard crushed grant
lives begged prison

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE SLAVE.¹

I am a little, old, black, slave-ant, and have not much time to tell stories ; but if all you little red-coats, my master's children, will just keep still, I will tell you something that happened a long time ago. Your grandma once told me a part of the story, and I can tell you the rest of it.

¹ Prof. Huber says : "I placed a few of these red slave-holders in a box together, gave them a few larvæ and cocoons, and also a portion of honey for food. I watched them closely to see what they would do. The situation seemed quite new to them. They took up the cocoons and ran here and there as though looking for their slaves. Very soon they seemed to conclude that, under such circumstances, there was no use of living. They did not touch the honey, and many really starved. After two days, I put into the box one little slave ant. This little creature did not for one moment lose her presence of mind, though the situation was an extreme one. She immediately dug a little nest, collected the larvæ, helped some of them out of their cocoons, and fed the poor starving ants with honey."

My people did not belong to your tribe; they were black ants, an honest, but small and weak people, living not very far from here.

One day a large army of red ants came marching against my people, who tried to guard their homes as best they could. But the red ants were too strong for them. They broke into our cells, they killed many of our bravest, and took away many, many of our little ones, as they lay asleep in their cocoon cradles.

I was among this number; so I was a slave from my cradle, and never knew what it was to be free.

My master is a soldier, and whenever he returned from war, he brought with him again, and again, many a little black ant for me to nurse and bring safe and healthy out of its cradle, to be slave and servant in his family.

I don't know what master's family would do without us black ants! Indeed, the whole tribe think only of war. Most of them have forgot how to build their cells, take care of their babies, and

get their food ready ; and, really, some of them don't even know how to eat their food unless it is brought to them by one of us slaves.

Sit up closer, now, and I will tell you of a dreadful thing which happened to your family and friends, as well as to you, when you were babies in your cradles.

A great frightful creature called a man, one day broke into your city. Hundreds of ants were killed by the falling walls, or crushed beneath the giant's great feet. The man took away quite a number of ants in his large hands. Among these ants were my master and mistress—that is, your father and mother. Your old grandfather was taken, too.

The cruel giant shut all of them up in a great box. You, baby ants, all of you then in your cradles, he put into the box, too, and, with you, honey enough for all to eat, and more, too.

But I did not feel easy, for, of course, I knew that not one of the party could take care of himself ; much less of the babies !

How I begged the cruel giant to let me go with them! I knew your father and mother never could get along without some one to wait upon them! I cried all night long about it. And I did miss the babies so much!

Well, it must have been dreadful! Your poor mother and father ran about, here and there, with the babies in their arms. They didn't know what to do. They were hungry, but they were not used to getting their own food; so they never touched the honey.

Some of the ants died of hunger; among these was your poor old grandfather.

After two long days and nights, seeing how helpless they were, and that they were fast dying, the great giant seemed to take pity on them. He let me go to them in their prison-box. I went all alone, and gladly.

What a sight met my eyes! There lay your old grandfather, quite dead. Your poor mother and father were weak and dying from want of food. You, little Red-back, and your brother there, were



kicking and trying to get out of your cradles, while your poor baby sisters were

lying here and there, almost dead, upon the cold ground.

I saw that not a moment was to be lost! At once, I dug a snug little bed, and put the babies in it, covering them up warm. I next helped you little fellows out of your cradles. Then I took the honey and fed the poor starving ones. I ran from one to another, as fast as I could go; and I saved all the lives that were left to be saved.

Not long after, the giant set us free, and let us go back home. Since that time, your father and mother, and all the tribe of red ants, have been very kind to me. I am head nurse, and every one shows me great respect. There! the babies are waking up! Run away, now, little Red-coats, to your play!

WORD EXERCISES.

blew	The wind	—	away her	—	ribbon, and
blue	it fell	into the river.			
bear	The black	—	bit the	—	arm of the
bare	hunter.				
been	Did you say	the wood had	—	put into	
bin	the coal	—	?		

LESSON XXXVIII.

swēpt a stīr' dīs ās'ter rēv'er ent
 thrills strīk'ən prōp'er tȳ yēs'ter-ēvə
 de stroy'ing Pē'ter vāl'iant (yānt)



flood
 Hōl'land

knelt
 dār'ling
 trīk'ling

THE BOY AT THE DIKE.

Much of the surface of Holland lies so low that the tides of the ocean would

overflow it, if the waters were not kept back by great banks of earth.

Late one evening, a little boy noticed the water trickling through a very small opening in one of these dikes.

He stopped to examine it, and the thought came to him at once, that if the opening were not closed, a terrible disaster would happen.

He had often heard his father tell of the sad disaster which had come from just such a small beginning as this.

How, in a few hours, the little opening grew larger and larger, until the whole bank was washed away.

How the rolling, roaring, angry sea rushed in upon the land, and swept on to the nearest villages.

How houses and people were carried away upon the bosom of the floods, and many lives were lost, and much property destroyed.

Should he run home and get some one to help him?

It would be dark before he could come back to the spot; and this hole, even

then, might have become so large that they could not close it.

What should he—what could he do to prevent such a terrible disaster—he, only a little boy?

He sat down on the side of the bank, stopped the opening with his hand, and patiently waited for some one to pass to or from the village. But no one came.

Hour after hour went by. There sat the brave boy, in cold and darkness, wet and tired, but still pressing his hand against the water that was trying to pass the dangerous opening.

He thinks of his brother and sister,
Both asleep in their safe, warm bed;
He thinks of his father and mother,
Of himself as dying—and dead:

And of how, when the night is over,
They must come and find him at last:
But he never thinks he can leave the place,
When duty holds him fast.

His mother in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all the night.

And now she watches the pathway,
As yester-eve she had done;
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun?

Her neighbors bearing between them
Something straight to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before!

"He is dead!" she cries; "my darling!"
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears:

Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife—
"Give thanks, for your son has saved our
land,
And God has saved his life!"

So there in the morning sunshine
They knelt about the boy,
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

'Tis many a year since then; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what a boy can do
Who is brave. and true, and good.

They have many a valiant hero,
 Remembered through the years,
 But never one whose name so oft
 Is named with loving tears.

And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
 And told to the child on the knee,
 As long as the dikes of Holland
 Divide the land from the sea.

LESSON XXXIX.

ělsə	zōnəs	tröp'le	eləns'ing
foul	de eāy'	eom pāre'	moist'ūrə
mēat	bā'sin	æ eount'	mīn'er al
stēms	eāt'tlə	sīk'nēsə	vēg'e tā blə

THE RAIN.

"Grandma, we are going to the woods to get some flowers for you."

"You will have to wait until to-morrow, I think, Bert. It is going to rain."

"Rain! Why, Grandma, look at the blue sky; the sun is shining, too!"

"Yes, but the air is colder; the wind has gone round to the east; and, don't you see those dark clouds hurrying to meet each other? It will rain soon. Go,

Nellie, and tell Mary to close all the eastern windows. It will be a driving rain, when it comes."

"O, how disagreeable! I wish it wouldn't rain once in six months! Spoils all the fun! Makes everything wet and dirty!"

"Most all thoughtful people will be glad because of this rain, Bert. It has been much needed. You look at the matter only in a selfish light. Besides, you must learn to bear disappointments without fretting yourself and others about them."

"But, Grandma, this time I am disappointed because you cannot have the pretty wild flowers."

"Thank you, my dear boy; I, too, am disappointed. I do not think you are a selfish boy, but you are not a very patient one.

"There is Mary hurrying to take her 'wash' from the line before it is dry. The rain puts her to much trouble, you see. Farmer Brown's hay, too, is all cut. How hard he and his sons are working to get it into the barn before the shower!

"So you see we all have need to be patient. But, Bert, think how much good the rain does! Our little disappointments are nothing to compare with 'the blessings of the rain.'

"The tree-tops are bending! I hear a sound like the waves of the sea! The shower is upon us!"

"Now, Grandma, I will be patient while you count up all the good things that this black cloud is letting down upon us at the rate of a pailful a minute."

"I'm glad to hear you joking, Bert. It is far wiser to joke with disappointments than to fret over them. There wouldn't be much use of going into the woods after flowers, if it didn't rain for six months, would there?"

"O, does not sunshine make the flowers grow? In the tropics, where the sun shines brightest, the richest flowers bloom.

"Sunshine without rain would only scorch and burn up everything; rain without sunshine would soon cause decay.

"The grass in the meadows, giving food to the cattle which feed upon it; the leaves upon the trees and bushes; the flowers in woods, and fields, and gardens; the grains and the fruits, all live upon the moisture which the sunlight helps them to take up through all their little roots, and stems, and leaves."

"O yes, Grandma, I think I know what you would still say.—'No rain, no grass;' then all the cattle would die: so, of course, we would have no milk and no meat. No rain, no fruits, grains, or vegetables; I see we would be quite apt to starve, unless we could get up some kind of mineral food."

"What would we drink, Bert?"

"Of course; what would we drink? Grandma, I was just thinking of that spring of fresh, pure water at the foot of the hill near the edge of the woods."

"The water flows so brightly after the showers of April! But now, it comes from the ground so slowly! Drop! drop! it falls into the basin, and the little stream from it is quite dry."

.

"So it is, Bert, with many springs, wells, and streams throughout the country. This causes much suffering among men, as well as among cattle."

"Well, then, I say, Grandma, let it rain in the country. The city has none of these things."

"No wells, no trees, no flowers in the city, Bert? No parks and gardens where little children may play? No place where tired men and women may walk and rest from the dusty streets?"

"I had forgot the parks, Grandma; and it is nice to have the dust laid by the rain!"

"My dear boy, were it not for the pure rain cooling and clearing the foul city air, were it not for the cleansing rain washing out the city streets, much more sickness and death would be there.

"Ah! here comes little sister Etta, with soiled dress and wet, wet feet! A lesson in 'patience' for Grandma, on account of the rain!"

"Off with the little shoes! Mary, bring some dry stockings, and a nice warm

dress, that our little girl may not take cold."

"Grandma, I will write the history of a drop of rain; how it dropped from the clouds, fell upon the ground, and found its way deep down into the dark earth.

"Then, how, after many days, it came bubbling out of the hillside, and dropped into the basin of the spring. When the spring was full, how it flowed with the other raindrops down the hillside, through the meadows toward the river, which bore it on, on to the ocean.

"Then, how a bright sunbeam caught it up, and took it back to the clouds in the sky, again."

CONVERSATIONAL LESSONS.

Water may exist in the following forms:

1st. *As Water*—In oceans, seas, lakes, gulfs, bays, straits, rivers, creeks, ponds, springs, etc.

These bodies of water are either salt or fresh.

Which are salt? Which, fresh?

2d. *As Rain*—What is rain? Where does it come from? When?

Of what use is rain? Does it rain everywhere at the same time? Why not?

- 3d. *As Fog*—Where is it seen? When? What is it?
 4th. *As Ice*—Where found? Is ice lighter than water?
 5th. *As Snow*—When does it snow? What is snow? Is it ever “too cold to snow?”
 6th. *As Frost*—What is it? When seen?
 7th. *As Hail*—What is it? When does it hail?
 8th. *As Dew*—What is it? When is dew deposited? Where?
 9th. *As Steam*—Can it be seen? Of what use is it? Illustrate.

 LESSON XL.

gâr'ish mōor fën en çir'elīng

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling
 gloom,

Lead thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from
 home,—

Lead thou me on!

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene,—one step enough for
 me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
 Shouldst lead me on:

I loved to choose and see my path, but now
 Lead thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past
years.

So long thy power hath blessed me, sure
it still

Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone ;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile.

The Pillar of the Cloud. *See Exodus xiii. 21.*

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

LANGUAGE LESSON

*Select from above poem all words that begin with
CAPITAL LETTERS.*

WORD EXERCISES.

(Continued from Page 140.)

be	Can it — true that a honey — can
bee	count " <i>six</i> ?"
by	The <i>U. S.</i> obtained <i>Alaska</i> — purchase.
buy	From whom did the <i>U. S.</i> — <i>Alaska</i> ?
bark	Cinnamon is the — of a tree.
bark	I heard a dog —.
choose	— the right.
chews	The cow — her cud.

LESSON XLI.

çĕn'ter	dăi'ly	thous'and
ôr'angĕ	sĕa'sons	mō'tion (shun)

THE EARTH.

YEARLY MOTION OF EARTH.

The earth is a large ball that is always moving. It never stops for a moment, but is all the time rolling on around the sun.

God, a long time ago, set it a-going, and it has not been still since.

It takes the earth one year to go around the sun.

How fast do you think it goes?

It goes over a thousand miles every minute. This is more than two thousand times as fast as the cars go, when they are going very fast.

What a long ride we take every day on the earth!

You will ask, why do we not know that the earth is going so fast? The earth seems to stand still.

How do you know that you are moving, when you are on the cars? It is

because you see houses, trees, and fences as you pass by them ; you feel the air as you pass through it.

But, as the earth carries us around the sun, it takes the trees, fences, houses, and the air with us. So we have nothing to look at to see how fast we are moving.

I know we look at the sun, moon, and stars ; but these are too far off for us to tell by looking at them.

Now, while the earth is going around the sun, giving us our year and our seasons, it also turns around every day on itself.

DAILY MOTION OF EARTH.

I think you will see this, if you do as I tell you. Make a ring upon the floor ; at the center of this ring make a mark for the sun.

Now take an orange or a ball, put a dark spot upon it, and then roll it around the ring.

You will see that the ball in going around the ring, turns over and over, again and again.

It is this motion that makes day and night for us.

As the earth rolls over and over, the side of the earth upon which the sun shines has day ; the other side has night.

It seems to us that the earth does not move at all.

The sun seems to rise in the east, and go up and up, and then go down in the west.

Thus we say, the sun rises in the east and sets in the west. But this is not so.

It seems to be so because of the motion of the earth around itself from west to east.

LESSON XLII.

plān'ets dīf'fer ent tēl'e scōpēs

THE MOON.

All of you know where to look for the moon. You know also that the moon is not so bright as the sun.

But you may not know how large it is ; where it gets its light ; how fast it moves ; who the man in the moon is ;

and how many little boys and girls, if any, are in the moon.

First, let me say that no man ever went from the earth to the moon.

What we know of the moon, man has seen through a great, big, long eye called a telescope, which he made to help him to look very far and very strong.

To our eyes, the moon appears to be larger than the sun, or any of the planets.

But it is really the smallest body that we see in the sky.

It appears large, because it is so much nearer to us than the others.

The pale, beautiful light of the moon makes night cheerful. We have but one moon, and we enjoy it greatly.

Think how beautiful it must be on some of the planets that have four, six, and eight moons to shine upon them with different colored lights!

CONVERSATIONAL LESSON.

TIDES AND WAVES.

The wind blows over the surface of the water, and causes it to rise and fall in ridges, or *waves*. In the *open sea*, waves are *larger* and *move more rapidly* than they do upon the surface of lake, or bay, or river.

Waves do *not* occur regularly; they are *surface movements* only; and are *caused by the wind*.

Tides are waves, too. But, they are *not* caused by the wind; they stir the sea at its *greatest depths*; they occur as *regularly* as day and night.

The tide is a *vast wave*. All the waters of the sea rise into two mighty ridges: the one directly *under the moon*; the other 180° distant, on the *opposite side of the earth*.

Tides are caused by the *sun and moon* acting upon the earth. The moon is the *neurer*, and has the *greater power* over the waters of the earth, and *draws them* up toward itself.

As the earth rolls over, all places come one after another under, and opposite the moon. So, the *great tide waves* travel from *east to west* over every part of the sea.

Rising water is *flood tide*. Falling water is *ebb tide*. The highest level reached is *high tide*, or *high water*; at which point, the wave *rests for a few* moments. The lowest level reached is *low tide*, or *low water*; at which point, the waters *again rest*.

There are four daily tides; two high, and two low. *Time*—from *high, to low tide*, 6 hours; from *high tide to high tide*, or *low tide to low tide*, 12 hours 26 minutes. *High tide* occurs *52 minutes later each day*.

Spring tides occur at new, and full moon; the waters rise higher at the *flood* and sink lower at the *ebb* than usual. *Neap tides* occur at the first, and third quarters of the moon; high tide is then *lower*, and low tide is higher than usual. The *spring tides of March and September* are the highest of the year.

Thus tides have their daily, monthly, and yearly periods.

LESSON XLIII.

S'iam

nũ'sançə
 quạn'tĩ tỹ
 ẽx pẽet'ant
 hăng'ing
 re pẽat'
 fã'blẽs
 figs



rã'ven

RATS.

Do you think rats are nice animals? Do you? You? You? No? Well, neither do I. But it may be because I do not know them well enough, or because I have known only bad things about them.

After reading the following stories

about them, I must say, that a single rat may be a very interesting fellow.

Rats in quantities are not pleasant things to have about a house: one may be very agreeable; but many are a nuisance.

Rats are so cunning and work with so much intelligence, that some of the stories about them seem like fables.

It is known that they will carry eggs from the bottom to the top of a house, lifting them from stair to stair. The first rat, standing on his hind legs, pushes the egg up, and the second lifts it with his fore legs.

Rats will draw the cork out of a bottle of oil, dip in their long tails, and repeat this action until they have drawn off every drop of the contents.

Not long ago, a rat was seen to climb upon a table on which stood a plate of figs. He, at once, tossed the plate over and scattered the figs upon the floor beneath, where about twenty of his expectant brother-rats were waiting for a treat.

A gentleman on a journey through

Germany stopped at a hotel, where he saw this very interesting sight :

The landlord, after dinner, placed on the floor a large dish of soup, and then gave a shrill whistle. At once, there came into the room a large dog, a fine cat, an old raven, and a very large rat with a bell hanging at his neck.

All four animals went to the dish and fed together in the greatest peace ; after which the dog, cat, and rat lay down before the fire, while the raven hopped about the room.

The landlord told the gentleman that the rat was the most useful of the four animals. The noise he made with the bell had driven the mice, and all the other rats away from the house.

In Siam, the people keep tame rats, which walk about the house and are petted like dogs. They are caught young, fed well, and, growing very large, they take the place of our cats, and keep the house quite free from their own kind.

LESSON XLIV.

plūm	spōt'ted	Ik'eý	sleavə
thiēf	sād'dler	erouchəd (t)	
bēnch	pud'ding	mīs'er a blə	
strāps	sōakəd (t)	dīs āp pēared'	

STORIES OF RATS.

1.

A driver of a stage, moving some bundles of hay in his barn to feed his horses, found a poor, miserable-looking little rat crouched up in a corner.

As the rat happened to be of a spotted color, the man did not kill him. He took him to his home, where he soon became very tame, and quite fond of the children.

The children named their new pet Ikey. In the evening Ikey would stretch himself at full length on the rug before the fire, and at night, when the fire was out, he would creep into his master's bed.

In the morning, when the driver was ready to start away in his stage, he would say, "Come along, Ikey!" and the rat would at once jump into his master's overcoat pocket, and go with him.

Sometimes Ikey was placed in the box of the stage, where his business was to guard his master's dinner. If any one tried to touch it, the rat would fly out of the straw at him.

There was one dish only which Ikey was not able to guard: that was plum pudding. He liked it, too well; and though he kept off all others, he himself ate as much of it as he could.

A few years ago, Ikey was alive and well, though he had reached a good old age. He had lost his teeth, and was fed by the children as if he were a baby, and not a white-haired old rat.

2.

A saddler, in the course of his trade, made use of a number of straps, which he first soaked well in oil. These straps one after another disappeared in a most strange manner.

For a time, he feared that his shop-boy was not honest. One day, however, he found out that it was a rat which stole his straps.

In order to catch the thief, he placed a sieve so that, when next the rat came for more oiled leather, the sieve would fall down over him. So, at last, the rat was caught.

The saddler took a large stick, went to raise the sieve and kill the thief. The sieve was lifted, but the rat, instead of trying to run away, sat still and looked up imploringly into the saddler's face, as if he would say, "Spare my life this once, and I won't steal and eat any more of your straps!"

The saddler did spare the rat. In front of the hole out of which he used to come, the man placed every day a dish of food, which the rat came and ate.

The rat grew so tame, that he played about the shop like a kitten, and sometimes sat on the bench watching the saddler at his work.

The straps were no longer stolen.

PROVERBS.

Scorn to do a mean action.

The fairest rose will wither in a day.

Plain dealing is a jewel.

LESSON XLV.

mince	el'bows	pound seat
swarm	islands	for bid'den
Dutch	sneez'ing	Mo lue'eas
spices	pös'si bly	Pör'tu gñese

"WIDE AWAKES" IN THE SPICE-BOXES.

The time is Saturday morning. Of course, there is no school. The place is a kitchen. Mamma is making mince-pies, and the "Wide Awakes" are all around her, like bees around a flower.

Little Tom is on top of the table. Charley stands upon a chair close to it, while the rest of the children are just as near to mamma's elbows as they can possibly get.

Etta's little pink fingers have, as usual, been in mischief. They have just opened a spice-box—and what a sneezing time follows! It happens to be a box of pepper.

Poor mamma is almost in despair. She half wishes that school kept on Saturdays. She gives a great outward sweep with both of her arms every now and

then, and the children scatter like flies; and, like flies, they instantly swarm back again.

At last, mamma says, "Now, children, you must get out of mamma's way. All of you take chairs and sit around the table, and I will tell you about the spices, as I use them in making the pies."

"Will you make us a turn-over pie to eat right up?" asked Charley.

"Yes, if you will be very quiet and good," replied mamma.

A rush for chairs is now made by all except little Tom, who is only three years old, and who is quite content with his high seat.

The little group are soon quiet, and ready to listen.

"The history of the spice trade," mamma begins, "reads like a story. You, Mary and Willie, can find it in the history of the Moluccas, or Spice Islands.

"In the year 1511, these islands were settled by the Portuguese, who were soon driven out by the Dutch.

"The Dutch East India Company became masters of the islands, and, in order to keep the trade in spices to themselves, they destroyed all the trees except those upon two very rich islands.

"Each year, they sent out men to search over the other islands. They were to destroy every spice-bush that might chance to have sprung up again, or that might have been planted by the natives.

"They made laws, too, by which they could punish with death any one who would dare to plant a clove-tree, or to sell a pound of spice upon these forbidden grounds.

"So the land upon these islands soon became quite useless. Many of the poor natives, whose means of living had thus been taken from them, died of starvation.

"Since 1824, however, there has been more justice shown, both to the natives, and to the traders of other nations."

"O, how selfish and cruel those Dutch traders were!" cried Lillie.

"Mamma, why were they not content

to have the two richest islands to themselves? I think they might have let other nations have the rest. There was enough for all," said Mary.

"I know!" cried Bert. "When a thing is scarce, it is worth more money. The Dutch wanted to prevent spices from being too plenty, so that people would pay more money for them."

"Yes," said Willie; "and if spices grew nowhere else, everybody must buy spices of the Dutch. So they must have become very rich."

"I wouldn't buy of them," cried Mary. "I would go without spices, just as the American ladies went without tea, when they had to get it of the English."

WORD EXERCISES.

(Continued from Page 152.)

- clause** The subject of a sentence may be a ———.
- claws** Owls have strong ———.
- clime** What can you say of the ——— in which you live?
- climb** Most monkeys can ——— trees.
- cell** A ——— in Ludlow Street jail is not wanted.
- sell** Did the Italian ——— his harp?

LESSON XLVI.

vInè bŭnch'ēs sŭp pōrt' trōd'dēn
māts brānch'ēs skīmmed pŭn'gent

PEPPER, CLOVES, AND ALLSPICE.**Part I.—PEPPER.**

“I want to know about pepper,” said little Etta, looking up, with eyes and nose still red from sneezing.



“I guess you found something about it in the box you opened,” said teasing Charley.

At this, I am sorry to say, Etta drew her little red nose and lips up together and “made a face” at Charley.

Mamma shook her head at Charley, and looked sorry at Etta. Then she kindly took up her story:

“Pepper grows in bunches, like hops, upon a creeping vine. The vine grows best in damp ground. It is often planted at the foot of a bread-fruit tree, so that

as the vine climbs up, it may have support of the branches.

“Bunches of dark berries grow upon the vine. These are picked by hand in the months of January and July, just before they are ripe.

“These pepper berries are dried on mats in the sun, or by a slow fire. Then they are placed in vessels of sea-water.

“The poor peppers rise to the surface of the water and are skimmed off. The good ones sink to the bottom. The water is now poured off, the peppers are dried, and are ready to be ground into powder for use.

“Most people buy ground pepper, but the French prefer to get the berries and grind them at the table.”

“How is white pepper made, mamma?” asked Willie.

“To make white pepper, the berries are trodden under foot until the dark skin comes off,” replied mamma.

“White pepper, mamma, is stronger than black, isn’t it?” said Mary.

“No; it is not so pungent.”

LESSON XLVII.

ăp'ples ădd'ed elüs'ters
 at tēpt' ăr'ti elə

PEPPER, CLOVES, AND ALLSPICE.

Part II.—CLOVES.

"Tom, please hand mamma the box of cloves, there, right near you.—No, dear, that is not the cloves."



"Tom can't read, mamma; I can, though," said Charley, proudly. "Here is the box, c-l-o-v-e-s—cloves."

"Thank you, my boy. Tom will learn to read some day, will he not? Now, shall mamma talk about cloves?"

"O, Miss Ross told us about cloves last week," cried Bert.

"Did she? Then mamma will be very glad to listen. But do not, dear children, talk all together. Each wait politely till the other gets through talking."

"The clove-tree grows from thirty to forty feet high, and is green the year round," said Bert.

"The leaves are like the leaves of a peach tree," said Lillie, "and the cloves come on little green twigs in clusters, like flowers."

"Miss Ross says that cloves are not the fruit of the tree. Cloves are the young unopened buds of the clove blossoms with their small tender stems," said Mary, who is twelve years old.

"Spices grow only in countries where summer lasts the whole year round," said Charley, "and the clove-buds are gathered in the month of December."

"The people knock them off the high trees with a long stick, just as Charley knocks off the green apples. But the cloves drop upon mats, which the people spread out under the trees to receive them."

Charley didn't like what Etta said about the green apples; and he gave her just a little push with his elbow.

So Etta stopped talking for a moment.

If mamma noticed Charley, she did not speak to him then; so Etta went on:

"They dry the clove-buds quickly in the shade, before the buds lose their flavor. The strength of the flavor lies in the bud alone."

"Yes; but Miss Ross says, that the green twigs are sometimes dried and ground up with the cloves and mixed with them to make a poorer article for the market," said Bert.

"That is not honest," said Lillie.

"Yes, Lillie, it is, if they sell it for just what it is, and for less money," said Willie.

"The clove-tree is a native of the East Indies," added mamma. "In 1881 an attempt was made to raise cloves in Texas; but it was not a success."

WORD EXERCISES.

(Continued from Page 167.)

- | | |
|--------------|---|
| cause | Who knows the — of dreams? |
| caws | The crow — and —. |
| cent | What is a — made of? |
| sent | The goods were — to him. |
| scent | Much — is made in <i>France</i> , from flowers. |

LESSON XLVIII.

ôv'ən ăsh sug'ar (shug) pro dūce'

PEPPER, CLOVES, AND ALLSPICE.

Part III.—ALLSPICE.

"Now, Charley, can you also find the allspice for me?" asked mamma.

Charley picked up one spice-box after another, and spelled out their names upon their covers.

While Charley was doing this, and mamma stood waiting with smiling patience, little Tom picked up one of the boxes, rattled it quickly, and shouted:



"Here 'tis! Here 'tis! mamma. Tom reads it with his ears!"

And, sure enough, it was the box of allspice! Baby Tom was surer still that he could now read as well as Charley.

After the laugh was over, mamma sent Bert out for an armful of wood. Mary

put the wood into the fire. Then mamma gave Tom a bit of sugar for being so cunning, and began her talk again :

“Allspice is found in South America and the West Indies. The tree grows wild, and often reaches the height of thirty feet. Its leaves are like those of the ash tree, and it has bunches of small red flowers which fill the air with their fragrance.

“The allspice is found in heavy bunches of berries. These berries are picked when green, and dried in the sun.

“A single tree will produce one hundred pounds of this dried spice.”

Meanwhile, the fire had burned brightly. Mamma’s busy fingers had put the crust upon that “turn-over pie.” Now she took it steaming hot from the oven.

Tom almost rolled off of the table. Charley forgot spices and spelling.

Even the older boys and girls left their chairs, and got near mamma’s elbows again.

“No, no,” said mamma ; “wait a little while. The pie is too hot yet.”

LESSON XLIX.

pŭffs	eûr'rant	gŭn	bôlls
wăstə	gĕn'er al	in	vĕnt'ed
Bôs'ton	Flôr'i dà	hăp'pĭ ness	
en elôşe'	dĭf'fi eult	Rĕv'o lŭ'tion	



Mulberry Grove, Ga.,
Aug. 4, 1888.

My Dear Nellie :—

Here I am in the “land of cotton!” As I look out of my window, I see fields of cotton all around me. They say that the cotton of these Southern States is the finest in the world. It is much finer than that raised in India and China, which is yellow; or that of some other places, which is brown.

The harvest is ready, and the soft white cotton is being picked by the negroes. Just now I see their bright, black faces peeping

over the great baskets filled with their snowy loads.

We speak of the cotton plant: it is really more like a tree. Just think of a field of currant bushes planted in rows, and you will have some idea of it; though the bush sometimes grows seven feet high.

I enclose a pressed cotton blossom; it was yellow, spotted with purple, when I picked it.

The bolls which hold the cotton, open when ripe, and out puffs the soft white down. You would think that the bushes were covered with large white flowers. I have sent you a few bolls of cotton in a box, by mail. I picked them myself this morning.

If you look very closely, you will find little seeds all through the cotton. These seeds must be removed before the cotton is fit to be spun, or woven into cloth. It was a long and difficult task to remove them, until Eli Whitney, in 1793, invented the cotton gin, a machine that takes the seeds out very easily and quickly.

I understand that these seeds are not the ones which are planted; there are others for that purpose. But how few things need go to waste! Why, these little seeds, ground and pressed, make fine oil; and what is left

after the oil is out, makes good food for cattle.

Here I sit in a cool, pretty muslin dress which I bought in Boston. It may be the cotton for it grew in this very field. I am writing a letter upon nice white paper; perhaps, the rags, from which the paper was made, contain cotton picked by the busy, black hands which are at work out there this moment.

Mulberry Grove was the home of Gen. Greene of the Revolution. Here, in 1786, the general died. Here, too, Eli Whitney, then a young teacher in the family of Widow Greene, invented the cotton gin. Here it was stolen from his shop by dishonest men.

Next week, we shall go to Florida. Then shall I send you a "dear little alligator" for a pet? I long to roam through the orange groves! Do you think they can be more pleasant than the dear old apple orchard at home?

I hope to hear from you when we reach St. John. I think papa's health is much better in this warm climate. Tell me all the home news, when you write.

With love to kind friends, and many wishes for your happiness,

I am your loving

SUSIE.

LESSON L.

twit	frock	limbed	com plète'
twee	sil'ver	fring'es	sýe'a mōrè
quilt	cab'in	chirp'ing	straw'bèr ry

THE POET TO THE PAINTER.

Painter, paint me a sycamore,
 A spreading and snowy-limbed tree,
 Making cool shelter for three,
 And like a green quilt at the door
 Of the cabin near the tree,
 Picture the grass for me,
 With a winding and dusty road before,
 Not far from the group of three,
 And the silver sycamore tree.

'Twill take your finest skill to draw,
 From that happy group of three
 Under the sycamore tree,
 The little girl in the hat of straw,
 And the faded frock ; for she
 Is as fair as fair can be.
 You have painted frock and hat com-
 plete !
 Now the color of snow, you must paint
 her feet ;

Her cheek and lips from a strawberry-bed ;

From sunflower-fringes her shining head.

Now, painter, paint the hop-vine swing

Close to the group of three,

And a bird with bright brown eyes and wing,

Chirping merrily,

“Twit twit, twit twit, twee !”

That is all the song he makes,

And the child to mocking laughter breaks,

Answering, “Here are we,

Father and mother and me !”

Pretty darling, her world is small,—

Father, and mother, and she, are all.

Ah, painter, your hand is still !

You have made the group of three

Under the sycamore tree,

But you cannot make all the skill

Of your colors say, “Twit twit, twee !”

Nor the answering, “Here are we,

Father and mother and me.”

I’ll be a poet, and paint with words

Talking children and chirping birds.

ALICE CARY.

LESSON LI.

eälm	nā'ked	Ō rī'on
plow	spärk'lə	dis eöv'er
fā'məʊs	plēas'ürə	mül'ti tūdes

THE STARS.

We all love to look at the stars. How great a pleasure it is, when the sky is clear, to go out at night and gaze at them !

What multitudes of stars there are !

How calm and still they seem !

How beautifully they shine and sparkle !
We never tire of looking at them.

In olden times, people had very strange ideas about the stars. They thought some of them were wild animals.

There is one set of stars which we see in the form of a plow, that people called the "Great Bear."

Then, there are other stars which they called after the names of great men who had died. One very beautiful set of stars, which we can see every night in the winter time, they used to call Orion, after a famous hunter of that name.

Men have now large telescopes, through which they look at the stars, and they have found out a great many interesting things about them, of which people in former times knew nothing at all.

Now, we know that the stars are all worlds; some of them larger than our own.

When we look at the stars with our naked eyes, they all appear to be white, like the moon. But if we see them through one of the great telescopes, which are used by men who study the stars, we shall find that they are of many different colors.

Some are red, some are yellow, some are green, some are blue, and some are purple. Instead of being all of one color, we shall see as many colors among them as there are among the flowers of a garden.

When we look up at the sky on a clear, bright night and see the stars there, the thing that we think about first is the number of them. They seem to be too many to count; but it is not so.

They have been counted. It looks as if there were no end to their number, and yet there are only a few thousand that can be seen with the naked eye.

If, however, we take a telescope, we shall discover a great many more; and the more powerful the telescope we look through is, the greater is the number of stars that we shall see.

WORD EXERCISES.

(Continued from Page 172.)

coarse	Canvas is a ——— cloth.
course	The ——— of the river is very crooked.
cap'i tol	The ——— is built of white marble.
cap'i tal	<i>Washington</i> is the ——— of the <i>U. S.</i>
ceil'ing	The ——— of the room is painted.
seal'ing	How much ——— wax is needed?
cel'lar	The apples are in the ———.
sell'er	A ——— of dry-goods is called a merchant.
dear	One hundred dollars for a cow is ———.
deer	I saw three ——— in <i>Central Park</i> , N. Y.
dew	Where is ——— deposited?
due	How many dollars are ——— me?
fare	The ——— from <i>New York</i> to <i>Albany</i> is \$3.10.
fair	Where is the state ——— of N. Y. held?
feet	How many ——— has a fly?
feat	Did the actor perform his ———?
fir	Have you seen a ——— tree?
fur	Beaver ——— is very salable.

LESSON LII.

eärts	föürth	döl'lar	pēa'nüts
elööks	döz'en	räg'gəd	Tēl'e grām
po liçə'man		e dī'tion	(shün)

POOR, BUT HONEST.

Yes! poor indeed! A little girl selling papers in the streets of a large and crowded city. She has no father or mother. Her name is Kitty, and she and her brother Charley live with an aunt.

Every night these two children must sell eight dozen papers, and carry the money home to their aunt, who is very poor, and who takes care of them.

It is the evening of a bleak wintry day. The clocks of the churches have just struck six. A biting wind is blowing, and our poor bare-footed girl is running from one side of the street to the other. As she runs, she calls out "Telegram—fourth edition."

Crowds are passing—rushing home from the day's work; but no one seems to want a paper. Wagons, carts, and carriages are moving along the street,

and the poor girl runs in and out among them, crying "Telegram—fourth edition."



She has still a dozen papers left, which she must sell. She sees the red light of a stage, and off she runs. In a few

minutes she is on the steps; "fourth edition—Telegram," she cries.

"Here, my girl, give me a paper," said a kind-looking gentleman, while he put his hand in his pocket for two cents. "No, never mind," he added. "I find I have no change, and there is no time to get any."

"I will get you some change in a minute," said the eager girl; "just hold my papers, sir, and I will soon be back."

She threw the papers on his knees, and taking the half-dollar out of his hand, before he had time to think, she ran away.

The driver wanted to be off. There was the kind gentleman with a bundle of papers on his knees, and his money gone. The other people in the stage joked with him. "You had better get out, and try to sell your papers, sir," said one of them. All were quite sure he would never see the girl or his money again.

The driver waited a minute or two, but the girl did not come. So away went the stage, while all joined in making merry with the gentleman who had the bundle

of papers on his knees. He had got a dozen newspapers, and had paid a half-dollar for them !

But what had Kitty been doing ?

She went first into a large shop, which was so full of people that she could get no change. Then she darted into the open door of a hotel, but a policeman seeing her, asked her what she wanted there. Without giving her time to tell her story, he marched her out of the door into the street.

She then thought of an old man who sold peanuts at a stand down the street. Away she ran, and, to her great delight, she got her money changed.

Back she came to the place where the stage had stood. The red light was no longer there. She looked around, but the stage was gone. Her papers were gone, too, and she had the gentleman's money.

What should she do ? Just then, she heard her brother's voice :

"Have you sold all your papers, Kitty ? I wish I could have such good luck !"

LESSON LIII.

wrapped (t) stared con sent' sup'per

POOR, BUT HONEST—Continued.

Kitty soon told her brother how matters stood, and showed him the money she had got.

Charley jumped for joy. "O Kitty, let us go and have something nice for supper. I'm hungry. Come along and help me to sell my papers, and then we'll have some fun. We can give aunt all the money that she expects from the papers, and have enough left. Hurrah for a jolly good supper!!"

But Kitty did not go along. She shook her head in a very firm way and said, "But this money is not mine, Charley."

She wrapped up the change with great care in a piece of paper, and began to help her brother to sell his papers. Ten o'clock struck before the last paper was sold; now, they could go home.

All at once, Charley missed his sister. He looked for her up and down the street, but he could not see her. At

last, he went home and told his aunt all that had happened. Both of them tried to find the missing child, but without success.

Next morning, as Charley was going out, he met Kitty on the street coming toward home very gayly, and looking bright and happy. Running to her brother, she cried out, "I'm going."

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to be nurse-girl to the gentleman who gave me the half-dollar."

Her story was soon told. She had slipped away from her brother, and had gone to look for the stage. At last she found it, and asked the driver to tell her who the gentleman was that had given her the money, and taken her papers.

"I don't know the man's name," said the driver, "but he lives very far up town."

"O, can't I get there to-night?"

Kitty looked so anxious, that the kind-hearted driver at last said, "Well, get up here on top of the stage with me, and

I'll put you down in front of the gentleman's house."

Kindly he helped Kitty up to the high seat, and before long she stood at the door of the gentleman's fine house. Her timid ring was answered by the gentleman himself.

How he stared to see the poor, ragged little girl there at that time of night! "Here is your change, sir," said Kitty, holding out her hand with the money held tightly in it.

The gentleman took the little cold hand in both of his own large warm hands, and led her into the bright room where his wife was sitting.

"Here, Mary, is the little girl that sold me the papers! She has brought the change away up town to me! That is what I call 'honest,' and no mistake about it!"

The tears were in the gentle lady's eyes, as she laid her hand softly on Kitty's shoulder. "Poor child!" she said.

"She's cold, and hungry, too, I dare say," said the gentleman. "She can't go

back home so late at night, anyway. The cook must give her a good supper and a warm bed."

"A good supper, most certainly," said the lady, smiling, "but her mother will be anxious if she does not go home, John."

"Mamma's dead, and aunt won't care, I guess;—only for the money," said Kitty, quickly.

So, after the best supper Kitty had ever eaten in her life, she was put to bed in a bright, comfortable little room.

She slept as only a tired child can sleep. The next morning, after a good breakfast, the kind lady said, "Kitty, I want a young nurse-girl about your age—one whom I can trust to take baby out in his carriage. You, I am sure, are faithful and true. Would you not like to come here and live?"

"O yes, dear lady, indeed I would!"

"Go, then, to-day, and ask your aunt if you may come to me."

Kitty's aunt gave consent, and so Kitty went to live at the gentleman's house. She was indeed faithful and true.

She still lives there, working and earning money. She is respected and loved by the family very much.

Her brother goes to see her sometimes; and she often sends money to her poor old aunt, who, though once not very kind to Kitty, was still her only friend.

Charley is very proud of his sister, who, when she was poor and hungry, had taught him what it meant to be honest in deed as well as in word.

WORD EXERCISES.

(Continued from Page 182.)

- | | |
|---------|--|
| flour | Wheat is ground into —. |
| flower | The — of the tea-plant is white. |
| fore | The — wheels of a wagon are the smaller. |
| four | Two times two make —. |
| forth | The army went — to meet the enemy. |
| fourth | April is the — month in the year. |
| gate | The latch of the — is broken. |
| gait | The man walks with a swinging —. |
| great | How — is the nation? |
| grate | The stove — is bent. |
| grown | Our country has — rapidly. |
| groan | Why does the soldier —? |
| guessed | Mary — the riddle. |
| guest | Which president was the — of many kings? |
| hall | When does it —? |
| hale | The man is — and happy. |

LESSON LIV.

pear	Çey'lon	serāpəd (t)
sōŋrçə	skill'ful	pre şervəd'
Jä'vā	płək'ləd	çin'na mōn
laŋ'rel	mēr'chants	ā'erəş (ā'kerş)

CINNAMON.

Lucy and Bert, being older than the other members of the "Wide Awake Class," talked, thought, and read a great deal about spices during the week. They asked Miss Ross a great many questions. -

When Friday came, which was the day for composition writing, Bert wrote all he had learned about cinnamon. I am quite sure that he will be willing to have you read what he wrote; so here it is:—

CINNAMON.

The cinnamon tree is a kind of laurel. It has leaves like those of the pear tree, and blossoms like the white clusters of the elder-berry.

The tree grows to the height of thirty feet, and the inside of its bark is the cinnamon which we buy.

The bark is harvested in May and No-

vember; and the trees live and bear for over two hundred years.

Taken from the tree, the inside of the bark is scraped three times; the first scrapings being the best. The thin pieces roll up into long sticks.

Ceylon cinnamon is the best, but the Java cinnamon is the most pungent. The bark scrapers are mostly Chinese men, who are very skillful at this work.

The cinnamon gardens of Ceylon cover 12,000 acres, and are a source of great wealth to the English merchants.

I like the flavor of cinnamon better than any other spice. My mother uses cinnamon in mince pies, and in pickled and preserved fruits.

BERT ALLEN,
Nov., 1888.

WORD EXERCISES.

(Continued from Page 191.)

Hall *Independence* — is in *Philadelphia*.
haul Oxen are used to — logs in the woods.
heel,—heal The cut in his — does not —.
here,—hear Come — and — the music.
heard,—herd I — the tramp of a — of cattle.
hoes William has two —; John has two spades.
hose How many pairs of silk — have you?
whole,—hole The — keg of cider run out through
 the bung —.

LESSON LV.

seär'let	fī'brəŭs	size māçə
brän'dý	nūt'mēg	re movəd'
wal'nūt	swal'lōws	pīg'əon (ŭn)

NUTMEG AND MACE.

Lucy, also, wrote from memory all that she had heard or read about nutmeg and mace.

I have read her composition with great interest; there are many facts in it which were quite new to me. Would you like to read it? If so, here it is:—

NUTMEG AND MACE.

Do you know where the Moluccas Islands, those beautiful islands of flowers and spices, are? If you do, then you know the home of the nutmeg tree.

Here it grows to the height of thirty feet, bearing fruit from its eighth year till it is eighty years old.

The fruit is gathered three times a year. In these islands, the summer is the whole year. The leaves of the tree are like pear leaves, the blossoms are like the lily of the valley, and the fruit is about the shape and size of a peach.

It makes me think of a large black walnut with its thick green coat on.

This outside coat is about half an inch thick, and is first green, then yellow, and, when ripe, brown.

The brown, ripe fruit breaks into halves, and inside, may be seen the seed or nut, partly enclosed by a bright scarlet, fibrous coat.

This scarlet, fibrous coat is mace, and it is very easily removed from the nut which it encloses.

When dried, mace becomes a deep yellow color, and has, you know, a flavor quite different from that of the nutmeg.

Beneath the coat of mace lies the real nutmeg, still enclosed in a hard, but thin shell.

For two months, it is slowly dried, during which time the kernel shrinks away from the shell, which is now easily cracked, and out comes the nutmeg as we buy it.

Some of the fruit is always gathered before it is ripe; then the whole fruit,—green coat, Mace, shell, nutmeg and all,—is pickled, or else is made into a rich sweet preserve with brandy and sugar.

The Dutch merchants, from the first, tried to keep the trees from growing upon any islands except those which they owned.

They were very selfish, and wanted to keep the nutmeg business to themselves; but I am glad to say that the nutmeg pigeon spoiled their mean plans.

The nutmeg pigeons are very fond of mace. They would fly to these islands and carry away the nutmegs with the mace on them. In some places where they dropped them, the nutmegs took root and grew.

Thus, nutmegs are now raised in many places; we can get them from the West Indies, as well as from the East.

I like the flavor of nutmeg in rice-pudding; and sometimes it tastes very pleasant in soup. I think apple pie, as well as mince pie, is better with a small quantity of nutmeg in it.

LUOY.

Nov., 1888.

WORD EXERCISES.

(Continued from Page 195.)

- | | |
|-------------------|--|
| him,—hymn | I heard ——— sing a ———. |
| I,—eye | When ——— saw his ——— I knew him. |
| ay | Each answered "ay." |
| inn,—in | The ——— was situated ——— a valley. |
| lain,—lane | The traveler has ——— in the ——— all night. |
| led,—lead | The hunter ——— the gentleman to the ——— mines. |

LESSON LVI.

fiərçə	thrŏng	fright'en
strŏvə	vi'e'tims	im plŏrəd'
heaths	war'likə	in'no çents
a ghăst'	ăn'gri lý	wor'ship ing
vis'i blə	věnge'ançə	săe'ri fic ing (fiz)



A LEGEND OF ST. WULFRAM.

Far in the north lie the sandy heaths and sea-washed dikes of Friesland, where, for six hundred years after the death of Christ, the people were still heathens,

worshiping fierce gods, and sacrificing little children on their bloody altars.

Hither came Saint Wulfram, a holy French bishop, whose soul was stirred by the bloody deeds he saw, and who strove vainly, but with all his might, to save these helpless innocents, and to preach the gospel of mercy to King Radbod and his warlike followers.

One day a woman fell weeping at his feet, begging him with bitter cries to help her. "They have taken away my sons," she sobbed, "my two fair-haired little boys, who were so strong and beautiful.

"They have bound them to stakes in the cruel sea, as an offering to the goddess Ran, that she may hold back the angry waves. Who will have pity on me, for even now my children are drowning?"

Then Wulfram answered simply, "God will have mercy, my daughter," and together they hastened to the shore.

There stood King Radbod and a great throng of people, while the heathen priests were singing with loud voices to

drown the roar of the waters and the victims' frightened screams.

Already the tide was coming in, and the foaming billows washed the children's feet.

Wulfram knelt before the king and prayed him to release them; but the priests cried angrily that the goddess demanded a sacrifice, and Radbod shook his head.

And now the waves were breast high, and the boys struggled vainly to escape.

Again Wulfram implored mercy, and promised the protection of the one true God. And again the priests lifted up their voices in fiercer song, and Radbod looked sternly over the heaving sea.

And now the breakers were dashing about the children's shoulders. They held out their little arms for help, and swayed with the swaying tide.

For the last time Wulfram said, "Give them to me, Oh! cruel king, or the vengeance of the Most High shall overtake you; for the Lord God will not permit the shedding of innocent blood."

But Radbod laughed at his threat, and a bitter wail broke from the mother's lips. She saw the sullen waters rise over the two fair heads, and nothing was visible save the foaming sea.

Then the king turned to Wulfram. "The children are yours," he said, mockingly. "Rescue them if you can."

And Wulfram, making the sign of the cross, threw aside his mantle, and stepped into the angry sea. The white-capped billows parted under his feet, and rolling back, showed the drowned boys.

He took each by the hand, and the bonds fell from their limbs; he raised them tenderly, and clinging to him, they returned to shore. The heathen priests shrank back aghast as the two children stood before them; but their mother seized them with a loud cry of joy, and Radbod, lifting his crown from his head, laid it at Wulfram's feet.

"You are mightier than I," he said. "Teach me to know your God."

AGNES REPPLIER.

Fries'land

Wul'fram

LESSON LVII.

rent es eāpe' throāt Nôr'wāy
 deer re wārd' hāwks dāshed (t)
 steel pre tēnds' in stēād' Pēnn'syl vā'nī a
 ūrged drāg'ging allowēd' eān'tiqus (shūs)
 sprīnk'ling sus pī'ciōūs (pīsh'ūs)

WOLVES.

The wolf is a stranger in very few lands or climates. In some countries, where wolves once lived in great numbers, they are not now often seen; many of them have been killed or driven away.

It is said that in some places, farmers used to pay their rent, not with money, but with wolves' skins.

Wolves caused so much loss to farmers by killing their lambs, sheep, pigs, and cattle, that a great reward was paid the man who would kill a wolf.

In many country places to-day, men receive a reward for killing foxes, owls, and hawks; for these animals destroy and carry away chickens, ducks, and other poultry.

In the places where wolves are still

found, they live on mountains, as well as on plains, in the forest, as well as in the open country.

The common wolf wears a coat of gray hair, with a sprinkling of fawn color, and some black hairs along the back.

The wolf, when young, is of a fawn color, and turns gray as he grows older. From the gray hairs on his legs, the people of Norway call the wolf "Gray-legs."

The wolf is always hungry. He will attack and devour any kind of living animal.

If he cannot get his teeth into a man, or a horse, or a dog, he is glad to seize upon a frog, or to eat up any other living thing that comes in his way. He will even kill and eat a brother-wolf.

Wolves like to hunt in packs.

The wolf does not bite like other animals; he snaps at his prey, making his jaws meet like the jaws of a steel trap. The teeth are very sharp, and will easily cut through a piece of thick leather.

Wolves do not hold on to their prey, as the lion and the cat do; but they kill it by snapping it.

The wolf, when free, is one of the bravest of animals. But he is very cautious and suspicious. Anything that he has never seen, or heard, before will frighten him, and keep him at a distance till he can make up his mind about its power to hurt him.

If a hunter puts a stick in the ground, with a handkerchief upon the top of it, by the side of a dead deer, the wolf will not go near the deer.

A piece of rope dragging behind a horse or carriage will frighten a wolf, and keep him off for a long time; this is something new, and he fears trouble.

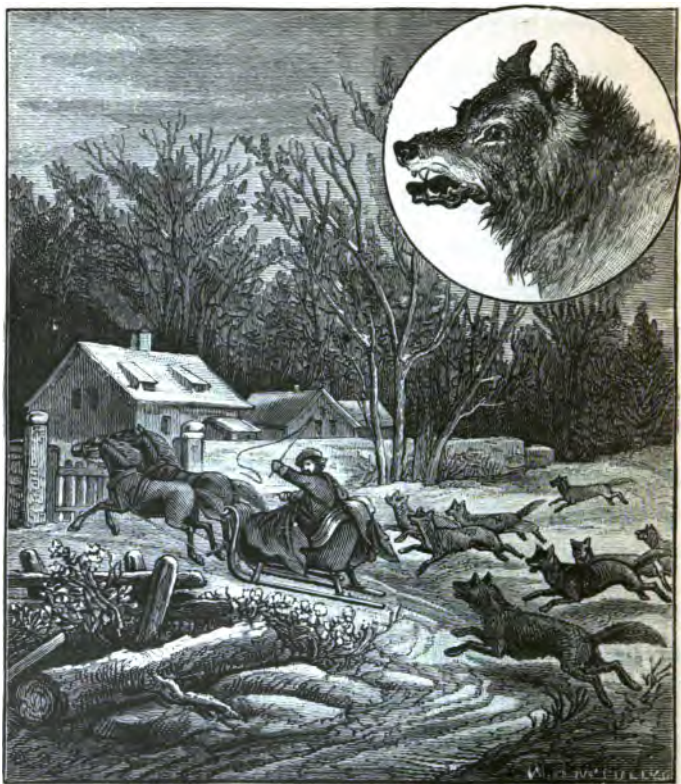
When he is caught in a trap, and finds that he cannot get away, he becomes a very sad coward. He will not even snap at any one: he will lie as if he were harmless or unable to move; indeed, he often pretends to be dead.

STORIES OF WOLVES.

1.

A farmer was once followed by a pack of ten wolves, while he was driving in his sled.

At this time, he was only about two miles from home, towards which he urged his horses at the top of their



speed. Night was coming on, and it would soon be dark.

When he reached home, the gate to the yard was closed; but the horses

dashed it open. Horses, sled, man, and nine wolves went into the yard.

At the very moment the wolves had passed through into the barn-yard, the gate swung quickly back and closed: thus the nine wolves were caught as in a trap, for the fence around the yard was very high.

Now, when the wolves found escape was cut off, they were no longer brave and daring, but they slunk into holes and corners and allowed themselves to be killed.

2.

A farmer in Pennsylvania was awakened one night by a noise in his pig-pen. On looking out, he saw what he supposed to be a fox on the low roof of the pen.

He went out; but the animal, instead of running away, attacked him, and before the man could move back, the wolf had bitten his arm three times, tearing the flesh off from the hand to the elbow.

When the wolf jumped at him, the man got hold of the hair on each side of the animal's neck, and held him.

Soon, the man's wife, who had heard her husband's loud calls for help, came out with a large knife and cut the wolf's throat.

FOR PRACTICE IN ARTICULATION.

Drill pupils carefully in pronouncing these words. They are frequently mispronounced.

děf'i cit	pěr'son al	æ'tor
eön'vex	döç'ile	strēngth
eön'eāve	gǎş'e oūs	height
ā're a	eöm'plex	äre'tie
sīm'i lar	eöm'pound	fau'çets
wīn'dōwş	wēap'on	ā'eorn
çent'ū rŷ	fā'vor ĩte	a ġain'
eör'al	dõeş	a eröss'
pōr'oūs	been (bĭn)	dōst
chīm'ney	jüst	dōth
eā'ret	dön'key	ēlm
quī'nĭne	neū'ter	ē'en
hānd'sōme	sēv'er al	re çæss'
chēst'nut	ho rī'zon	yōn'der
e-lēan'lŷ	dī ām'e ter	eöm'ing

LESSON LVIII.

měd'al těl'e grăph wIrēs ōf'fīcə
 mēs'sāgə těl'e phōnə vōt'ed ärt'ist
 eōn'grēs Āt lān'tie In vĕn'tion (shŭn)
 eon dēm' Bal'ti mōrə Wāsh'ing tōn
 in vĕnt'or ē'lee trīc'i tŷ (wōsh)

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

Have you ever been in a telegraph office? Of course, you have noticed the wires which stretch across the country everywhere.

How quiet and motionless they seem! yet, while we are looking at them, they may be carrying messages of gladness, or words of sadness. Now a bright hope flashes along the line, and, quicker still, follows the message that strikes sorrow to hearts and homes.

Time and distance! What are they? A touch of a hand—and a thought is sent to the farthest corner of the land, or flashed across the wide ocean! The people of all nations have the same thoughts and often the same feelings, at the same

moment. This brings them nearer to one another.

When one nation is glad, the others rejoice. We pity other countries in their hours of distress, or danger. We honor their noble deeds and their great men; we judge of their actions, and praise what is right, and condemn what we think to be wrong or unwise. Indeed, the nations of the world are no longer strangers to one another; men of all races are becoming more and more like brothers.

All this could not be, were it not for the electric telegraph; thus, the life of Samuel Morse, its inventor, teaches again the lesson which every boy should study closely.

It is—*to persevere*. No matter how many things stand in your way; no matter how long it takes, or how hard it is to get men to think and act with you; be in earnest, and never give up a good cause for want of energy and perseverance.

Samuel Morse, like Robert Fulton, was an artist. When a young man, he went

to England to study art. While there, he received a medal for his first work.¹ On his return to America, in 1815, he took his place at the head of the Society of Art in New York City.

At this time, the minds of many people in this country and Europe were deeply interested in the wonders of electricity. Franklin was flying his kite, and men of science everywhere were studying this new and wonderful power.

Mr. Morse first thought of the electric telegraph in 1832, and set himself to work to carry out his idea. In 1837, he showed his work to Congress, and asked for money in order that he might perfect his plans.

But Congress was very slow to see the greatness of the inventor's work, and still slower to give him money to go on with it. So Mr. Morse struggled on until 1843, when Congress, late at night and in their last meeting, voted \$30,000 for him, to put up a line between the cities of Washington and Baltimore.

¹ A piece of sculpture.

This first line was a success, and Morse became one of the world's men. The medals which he wore upon his breast are of gold and rare stones. He received them from nearly all the nations of the earth that have had the benefit of his great invention.

Samuel Morse died in 1872 at the ripe old age of eighty-one years.

The ocean telegraph, or Atlantic Cable, was first laid, through the energy and perseverance of Cyrus W. Field, of New York. Another and later invention is the telephone. Sitting quietly in our office here in New York, we can speak with our friends in a distant city. We can know their voices, so clear is the sound carried. We use electricity for light, for heat, for running machinery.

What may still be done with this wonderful power is a question of the future.

Learn all you can about electricity, and the laws by which it is ruled. Perhaps not half of its powers are known unto us as yet. Here is a grand field of work in which you may become useful.

LESSON LIX.

rēs'eūə	pīnəd	twi'light
re lēasē'	re strāin'	ūn fūrləd'
trī'umph	prīnce'ly	re nounçə'
mŷs'ter ȳ	trān'quil	prīs'on ers
Pāl'es tīnə	be trāyəd'	mār'tyr dōm
sēp'ul eker	Crū sād'ers	de liv'er ançə

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

In the year 1212, a little French shepherd boy, known as Stephen of Cloyes, traveled from village to village, and from town to town, calling on all the children to go with him into Palestine, and rescue our Saviour's sepulcher from the Turks.

"Our fathers have failed," he said; "and now they will strive no longer. It is left for us to show what our feeble strength can do. We will carry the cross over the far-off seas. We will win back the Holy Land for God, and for France."

And wherever he went, the children hung breathless on his words; and, breaking from their parents' arms, they

cried that they would follow him to the end.

High-born boys left their princely homes, and peasant lads their humble



cottages, to march side by side as brothers in the cause of Christ.

Nothing could restrain their zeal. In vain their fathers urged on them the folly and madness of their hopes. In

vain their mothers wept, and prayed them to remain.

They heard only the voice of Stephen calling them; they saw only the distant shores of Palestine.

In vain were they bound and kept close prisoners under lock and key. They drooped and pined with grief, until their parents, fearing they would die, were forced to release them, and with heavy hearts, bid them depart in peace.

Thirty thousand children, it is said, started for the sea, but in the long and weary march to Marseilles, many sickened and perished by the way, and many more returned discouraged to their homes.

Less than five thousand were brave enough to face the unknown perils of the deep.

These children were among the fairest and noblest youths of France.

On a tranquil August evening, seven ships set sail for the East, bearing away the little Crusaders, who unfurled their silken banners, and sang their joyous

hymns, while their native land faded slowly from their sight.

The people on the shore watched them with straining eyes until the shadow of twilight fell upon the waters.

One by one the vessels disappeared in the darkness, and for eighteen long years no one ever heard of them or of their precious freight again.

What had become of the children? Fathers and mothers and sisters asked this question over and over, but there was no answer to be given.

The fate of the seven ships remained a mystery until one day, eighteen years later, an old white-bearded man arrived in France from the Holy Land.

He was a monk, and had sailed with the young Crusaders to Palestine.

With bitter tears he told their history; how two of the vessels had been wrecked and all on board of them drowned; and how the other five had been betrayed by merchants into the hands of the Saracens, and the children sold for slaves.

Some of them, he said, had found kind masters, and had been gently treated; while others, less fortunate, had been forced to heavy tasks under the burning Eastern sun.

Eighteen young boys had suffered martyrdom at Bagdad rather than renounce their faith, and all the little captives had remained true to the cross of Christ amid the sorrows and temptations of their lives.

So ended the Children's Crusade, and when the sad news was carried over France, there was bitter mourning in many a noble castle and by many a lowly hearth.

Pope Gregory IX. built a stately church in honor of the little martyrs, and thousands of pilgrims came to lay offerings at its shrine, praying earnestly for the deliverance of the Holy Sepulcher, and for the triumph of God's blessed cross.

AGNES REPPLIER.

Sār'a çenş Marseilles (mär sāl'z') Bäg'däd



LESSON LX.

lĭnk	hĕārth	re paid'
wōe	mān'hōōd	lōōked (t)

THE BROTHERS.

We are but two—the others sleep
 Through Death's untroubled night;
 We are but two—O, let us keep
 The link that binds us tight!

We in one mother's arms were locked;
 Long be her love repaid;
 In the same cradle we were rocked,
 Round the same hearth we played.

Our boyish sports were all the same;
 Each little joy and woe;
 Let manhood keep alive the flame
 Lit up so long ago.

We are but two—be that the band
 To hold us till we die;
 Shoulder to shoulder let us stand
 Till side by side we lie.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

LESSON LXI.

nār'rōw lāmps blāzə mīn'glə

THE MILKY WAY.

If you go out of doors some fine, bright night, and look up at the sky, you will see stretching right across the heavens, something that looks very much like a long, narrow cloud. It is called, "The Milky Way."

If we could look at this through a telescope, we should find that what looks so much like a cloud, to our naked eyes, is really a great multitude of stars.

It is just the same when we see a large building lit up. There is a great window in front of the building. It is filled with lighted lamps or candles. When we stand close to it, we can see each lamp or candle by itself; but if we go a long way off, and then turn round to look at it, it will seem as if the light from the different candles had all united to make one great blaze.

And it is just so with the stars in the milky way. There are so many of them,

and they are so far off from us, that when we look at them the light that shines from them seems all to mingle together, so as to appear like a bright cloud. There are millions and millions of stars in that one cloud.

Then there are a great many other clouds of stars, as large as that, in other parts of the heavens. Each one of these clouds has, it may be, as many millions on millions of stars in it as there are in the milky way; and when we come to put these all together, what a multitude of stars they make!

CONVERSATIONAL LESSONS.

ASTRONOMY.

If we look in the sky at night, what may we see? We may see the *moon, stars, shooting-stars, comets.*

Why do we not see the stars during the day? Because the light of the sun is much brighter than the light of the stars.

What are the little *twinkling stars*? They are suns, which shine like our sun.

What are those which do not twinkle? They are *worlds* like our earth.

What is a *planet*? It is a body that moves around the sun, and that has no light of its own.

How many planets are there? Eight.

Name them. *Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune.*

What is a *moon*? It is a body that rolls around a planet; it gets its light from the sun.

Our sun, as a center, with the eight planets and their moons is called the *Solar System*.

Does each little twinkling star have planets and moons rolling about it? Yes; it is very probable that it does. Each is the center of a solar system.

About how many stars can one see at night? Not more than *three* or *four thousand*.

How many may be seen through a telescope? *Millions*.

How many cannot be seen by our most powerful telescopes? It is safe to answer, *millions*.

How fast can a horse run? About one mile in three minutes.

How fast does a train of *cars* move? About forty miles an hour.

How fast can a *bird* fly?

How fast does *sound* travel? 1,132 miles a minute.

How fast does *light* travel? 192,000 miles in a second.

How long does it take light to reach us from many of the stars?

If some of the stars had been destroyed *6,000 years ago*, would we see them yet? We would see them in the same place.

Are *shooting-stars* real stars like our sun? No, they are very small dark bodies that go around the sun.

What makes them shine? When they come into the air of our earth, they are moving against it

so fast, that the *friction* makes them very *hot* and they *melt*.

Do they fall upon the earth? No, they pass off into the air as *gas*.

Do not some small bodies fall upon the earth? Yes, and, they are called *aerolites*.

About how many aerolites fall every year? *Thousands*.

Of what are they made? Chiefly of *iron*.

Where do they come from? From the same place as the shooting-stars. They strike the earth before they are turned into gas.

WORD EXERCISES.

(Continued from Page 196.)

- less'on** Hugh studied — after —; but his de-
less'en sire "to know" did not —, but rather
 increased.
- made** John Alden — Priscilla, the Puritan —,
maid his bride.
- male,—mail** The — is delivered by — carriers.
- mane** The horse has a long, flowing —.
- Maine** The coast of — has many inlets.
- main** To make money is, too often, the — thing.
- man'tel,—man'tle** The cloak, or —, is on the —.
- mi'ner** A — is one that digs for gold, silver,
 iron, etc.
- mi'nor** A — is one that is under 21 years of age.
- meet** We will — at the market to buy some
meat — for dinner.
- mist** We saw the shore but dimly through the
 — and gloom.
- missed** Many a good chance is — by lateness.

LESSON LXII.

hūt	fowl	sūp'ply'	reīn'deer
rārə	dwarf	tāl'lōw	Lāp'land
brīdə	bār'ren	re flēets'	Es'qui maux
lēadʒ	eār'bon	wo'men	(əs'ki mō)
freezə	Äre'tie	(wīm'en)	fāsh'ions (unʒ)

**THE BUSY LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE
FROZEN ZONES.**

Busy, I say, because people that live in very cold countries are always an active and busy people. They must be active to live. If they do not move about quickly, they will freeze.

The country, too, is so poor and barren, that they must be wide awake, and work for what they need, or they will starve. Their wants are very few, when you compare them with your own; but, few as they are, it keeps the people busy to supply them.

I said little people, for they do not grow very tall, nor do they have the fine forms and faces of those people that live in warmer climates. The cold seems to dwarf them; you know how it makes

you draw yourself up, so that your shoulders almost touch your ears, and how you bend your body forward, in the face of the cold wind.

As for beauty, well, perhaps here and there, you might see a face more pleasing than the rest. No doubt, the young man of the north finds his bride the most beautiful one in the world.

But, beauty of the sweet and noble kind, is not often found among a people whose food has always been coarse, and whose homes and habits have always been rude.

Though their bodies are dwarfed by the cold, and their faces made rough by the weather, the people of the frozen zones have among them active, intelligent minds. Some very wise men have come from a Lapland tent, or grown up in an Esquimaux hut.

Look at these people in the picture. Fur from head to foot,—yes, clear up to the eyes! Their noses would freeze, you know, if they were not careful to keep them covered up.

Fashions do not change very often in the far north, and the men and women dress very much alike.

Of course, the Arctic girl likes to look pretty, too; and I guess she succeeds in doing so, in the eyes of some one, when she puts a bright handkerchief around her head, or ties some gay beads about her neck.

The food of the people of the frozen zone is mostly animal food—reindeer, seal, wild fowl, and fish. Vegetables are very rare.

Much fat is eaten. This supplies the body with the carbon which it so much needs to keep it warm. I suppose a tallow candle is quite as much of a treat to an Arctic boy or girl, as a stick of candy is to you.

The climate is very cold for nine months of the year. The sun does not set for weeks after that, and the months of July and August are very warm.

Between this long winter and short summer, come a short spring, and an autumn of only two weeks in length.

As the sun never sets in summer, so in winter there are many weeks when the sun is never seen.

But the white snow reflects back the light of the stars, and the wonderful Northern Lights send their broad flames across the sky.

Where the people settle in little villages, one may find schools, and here and there a church.

As one goes farther north, people grow fewer, ruder, and more wild.

Farther north still, only a wide world of snow and ice is to be seen, the home of the white polar bear, and the seal.

The people of the frozen zone are not all alike. Those of Lapland differ in many ways from the Esquimaux.

As for the frozen zone of the south, man knows but little.

LANGUAGE LESSON.

How long is the day at the north pole?

How long is the night at the north pole?

How long is the winter? Summer? Autumn?

What animals in this region?

What people in this country?

What are the "Northern Lights?"

LESSON LXIII.

hěrds	fàs'tenəd	măp	eôrd
lăkəs	im prəvə'	mos	quĩ'tôəs
slədgə	Stôək'hôlm	(mus	kē'tôz)
wan'der	hôs'pi ta blə	gē	ôg'ra phỹ

THE LITTLE LAPP.

Take your geography, turn to the map of Europe, and look in the north of it. There you will find Lapland, the home of the Lapp.

One tribe builds rude huts near the larger rivers and lakes. These Lapps live by hunting and fishing. They sell game and furs to merchants who come to them and buy. These articles find a ready market at Stockholm.

Meeting people of other countries, seeing their finer manners and better habits always improves a rude people; so a smart Lapp not only earns a good living, but learns to live a little better and have more comforts in his home.

Most of the Lapps, however, do not live in huts, nor settle in villages. They wander up and down the country; some-

times on the mountains and sometimes in the plains.



They put up tents made of animal skins. These can be easily moved from place to place.

The Lapp moves about in this way because of a very useful animal that God has given him, called the reindeer. In the short hot summer of Lapland the mosquitoes bite the reindeer. To escape from them, the herd runs up the cold mountains, where the Lapp follows them, and sets up his tent.

In the winter, when the mosquitoes are gone, the Lapp drives his reindeer down to the plain. So you see he has to move his tent again.

You would not think the tent very nice to live in. The door is so small that you would have to bend down and crawl through the opening.

There is no chimney ; the smoke goes out at a hole in the top of the tent. Everybody's face is smoked quite black ; but, I suppose the Lapp thinks that "there is no place like home." No lamps or candles are used ; they have only the fire-light, and the family sit around it on skins spread out upon the floor. Wrapped in furs, they lie down and sleep.

But the Lapp is very happy and con-

tented. If he has a herd of reindeer, he is called a rich man. He has very little to eat besides the flesh and the milk of the reindeer. Every morning and every night the reindeer-cows are brought up near the tent to be milked.

The reindeer's milk is thicker and nicer than that of a cow. The Lapp's wife makes fine cheese of it; butter she does not use. When a reindeer dies, or is killed, his warm skin may be made into a coat, or a hat, or boots, or a rug, or it may form part of a tent.

So you see the reindeer may be said to feed, to clothe, and to shelter his master. What more could money do for him?

This is not all, for the reindeer is the Lapp's horse, a swift and gentle one, too. The deer is fastened to the sledge by a strap, and his master ties a leather cord round one horn. With this single rein he guides him. The sledges look very much like boats; they are about six feet long, two feet wide, and a foot deep.

You know how careful we have to be

of our horses, our cows, and of all those animals which are useful to us. We have to feed them well, and give them warm shelter from the cold and wet; but the reindeer takes care of himself and of his master, too.

He doesn't want any barn or shelter of any kind. Here and there he goes turning up great banks of snow around him, almost hiding himself from sight, as he digs down for the moss growing beneath, which is his only food.

No wonder the little Lapp thinks himself rich with a herd of reindeer! What would he do without them?

Travelers who have made visits among these people, tell us that they are honest, kind and hospitable.

In a book called "The Land of the Midnight Sun," one of these travelers¹ has told all about these people of the north. Another of our great writers and travelers² paid them a visit also, and took a reindeer ride, which we will tell you all about in another lesson.

¹ Paul Du Chaillu.

² Bayard Taylor.

LESSON LXIV.

rāw lāeks mā'tron Green'land
 chāin shāres prōg'ress A lās'kā
 blōeks māid'en whēth'er dis eov'er ies
 ēd'ū eā'tion (shūn) A'sī a (Ā'shī a)

THE ESQUIMAUX.

Look at your map again; this time you may move your finger over the islands and lands in the northern part of North America, from Greenland to Alaska. You may even cross, by that chain of islands, over into Asia.

Through all these countries you will find Esquimaux.

While the Lapps have white skin, that is, when the smoke is washed off, and most of them fair hair and blue eyes, the Esquimau is dark. He, too, is clothed in skins and furs.

During the short summer the Esquimau lives in a tent; in winter, in a hut built of blocks of ice covered with snow. He enters it on his hands and knees; and a dirty, smoky, bad-smelling place it is!

The Esquimau maiden is not a beauty.

Her dress lacks everything to make it pretty ; no bright ribbons, and soft colors. She is clothed in fur like her brother and father ; matron and maiden and men dress alike.

I doubt whether you and I would look very pretty in such a dress.

All along the shores of the northern seas may be seen the small Esquimaux villages. The men hunt and fish, the matrons look after their huts, and their children, and get the food ready.

The Esquimaux eat a great quantity of food, some of it raw. They love, too, to drink the warm blood of an animal that has just been killed.

In those places where whales are to be found, the months of August and September are spent in trying to catch these huge creatures, the largest animals in the world.

There is great joy in the little village, if the men have had the good luck to catch a whale ; for, from the blubber of the whale, the Esquimaux get their supply of oil for lights during the long winter.

The Esquimau has his sledges, too; but instead of reindeer to draw them, he



has dogs. The Esquimaux dogs are large, strong, animals, mostly black and white, with long curly hair, and a bushy tail

curving over the back. They have short, sharp ears, and faces that look like that of the wolf.

The Esquimau has to feed and take care of his dog. The dog sleeps with him in his hut, and shares with him his meals.

Schools and churches are very rare. There are few advantages in the way of education among these people.

We hear of no great discoveries and of no useful inventions coming from the Esquimaux.

These people seem contented if they can only keep warm and well fed.

The people that make great progress are not found either in the torrid or in the frozen zones.

COMPOSITION.

Subject: LAPPS AND ESQUIMAUX.

Let pupils compare these people in appearance, habits, customs, mode of life, etc.

1. Where is Lapland? Greenland?
2. Who are the Lapps? Where do they live?
3. Who are the Esquimaux? Where do they live?
4. How do these people travel?
5. What kind of houses do they live in?
6. What do they eat?

LESSON LXV.

bĭn	jĕst	pär'son	fłockəd (t)
sĭn	fāmə	ru'mor	pĕckəd (t)
tōll	wĕpt	shŭnhəd	ealkəd (t)
wăġ	leech	ŭt'terəd	elăt'ter ĭng
săĕk	shroud	nōt'a blĕ	mōŭrn'fŭl lŷ

LITTLE JERRY, THE MILLER.

Beneath the hill you may see the mill
 Of wasting wood and crumbling stone ;
 The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
 But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

Year after year, early and late,
 Alike in summer and winter weather,
 He pecked the stones and calked the gate,
 And mill and miller grew old together.

"Little Jerry!"—'twas all the same,—
 They loved him well who called him so ;
 And whether he'd ever another name,
 Nobody ever seemed to know.

'Twas, "Little Jerry, come grind my
 rye ;"
 And, "Little Jerry, come grind my
 wheat ;"

And "Little Jerry" was still the cry
From matron bold and maiden sweet.

'Twas "Little Jerry" on every tongue,
And so the simple truth was told :
For Jerry was little when he was young,
And Jerry was little when he was old.

But what in size he chanced to lack,
That Jerry made up in being strong ;
I've seen a sack upon his back
As thick as the miller, and quite as
long.

Always busy, and always merry,
Always doing his very best,
A notable wag was Little Jerry,
Who uttered well his standing jest.

How Jerry lived is known to fame
But how he died there's none may
know ;

One autumn day the rumor came,
"The brook and Jerry are very low."

And then 'twas whispered, mournfully,
The leech had come, and he was dead ;
And all the neighbors flocked to see ;
"Poor Little Jerry !" was all they said.

They laid him in his earthy bed ;
 His miller's coat his only shroud ;
 "Dust to dust," the parson said,
 And all the people wept aloud.

For he had shunned the deadly sin,
 And not a grain of over-toll
 Had ever dropped into his bin,
 To weigh upon his parting soul.

Beneath the hill there stands the mill,
 Of wasting wood and crumbling stone ;
 The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
 But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

J. G. SAXE.

FOR PRACTICE IN ARTICULATION.

Drill pupils carefully in pronouncing these words. They are frequently divided into wrong syllables.

ēas'i lŷ	mīſ'er ŷ	dīf'fi eult
e lās'tie	vēg'e ta blə	măək'er el
is'o lātə	Fēb'ru a rŷ	prōç'esſ
mēm'o rŷ	trīv'i al	gĕn'er al
shād'ōw	rēg'u lar	to bāe'eō
mēs'sagə	sīn'gu lar	yēl'lōw
in'ter est	sēv'er al	pōs'si blŷ
trāv'el er	sīm'i lar	mīſ'er a blə

LESSON LXVI.

stalk	mōths	erīk'ets
grūbs	bōr'der	ehrys'a lis
wasps	re māins'	eāt'er pillars

CATERPILLARS AND BUTTERFLIES.

"How many caterpillars there are this summer!" said Walter. "What ugly-looking things they are, too! They were not here last month; but now they are all over the trees and on the ground, almost as thick as flies. Where did they come from, Uncle John?"

"They came from eggs that were laid by the butterflies," said Uncle John.

"The butterflies! Do butterflies lay eggs that are hatched into such ugly-looking worms as these caterpillars are? But I have not seen butterflies since last summer," said Walter.

"That is very true; but the butterflies laid the eggs last autumn. Now the warm weather brings them out."

"But what becomes of all the caterpillars every year? Do they lay eggs which hatch other caterpillars?"

“Not at all. Many of them are eaten by birds, or killed in different ways; but great numbers of them change into beautiful butterflies.”

“It must be very fine for an ugly worm that has only crept on the ground, to have beautiful wings given it, so that it can fly up into the air. But, Uncle John, did you ever see a caterpillar change into a butterfly?”

“I have often seen it while it was changing,” replied Uncle John. “It is not changed in a moment. The caterpillar, after hiding itself away in some quiet place, first throws off its hairy covering, or skin—then it is called a chrysalis.

“In this state it remains sometimes only a few days, but at other times, for weeks or months, when at last, it comes out, a butterfly with wings. A great many of the flying insects pass through just such changes—having been worms, or grubs, before they were able to fly.”

“Do you mean to say, Uncle John, that beetles, and flies, and grasshoppers,

and crickets, and bees, and wasps, and moths, were once worms?"



HOCHSTEIN.

The Silk-worm and Moth.—1. Eggs. 2. Silk-worm growing. 3. Spinning a Cocoon. 4. The Chrysalis. 5. Breaking the Cocoon. 6. The Silk-moth. 7. Peacock Butterfly. 8. Chrysalis.

"All that you have named, except crickets and grasshoppers," said Uncle John, "pass through these changes."

"How I should like to see a chrysalis change into a butterfly, Uncle John!" said Walter.

"If it were not so late in the spring," said Uncle John, "we could easily find a chrysalis; then we might watch it, and see this wonderful change."

When spring came again, Walter had not forgotten what had been told him about the caterpillars, and one day he asked Uncle John if he thought that he could find a chrysalis for him.

Uncle John thought he could; and after he and Walter had searched a while they found a few of them.

One was hanging by little silken threads from the under side of a fence, and others were found on the stalks of some coarse grass.

They also found one of a different kind, firmly fastened to the leaves of a bush, and wrapped up in a coarse silk bag called a cocoon.

These were brought into the house, and put in a warm place near a window in the garret. From day to day Walter

watched for the butterflies to come out of them.

Sure enough, in a few days out of the chrysalis came a beautifully colored butterfly. The wings were golden-brown, marked with black spots; a broad, dark border, lighted up by small blue spots, passed round their edges.

Walter was delighted with his butterfly. He ran and called Uncle John, his mother, and sister Tillie to come and admire it with him.

Early next morning Walter went to look at one of his large cocoons, and, lo! he found it empty, with a large opening in one end of it.

Looking up at the window, he saw his butterfly, as he called it. Large and beautiful it was, too.

Its upper wings were white, with dark-brown patches; the lower wings were bright scarlet. On its head was a brown velvet hood, edged with a beautiful red band.

Uncle John told Walter that this insect was not a butterfly, but one of the com-

mon moths, and was called the Tiger Moth.

“And now, Walter,” said Uncle John, “you must remember that this beautiful butterfly and this beautiful moth were once worms, caterpillars, that crept on the ground.”



LESSON LXVII.

brōnzə	twist	spōol	writ̄hə
a mūsed		mūl'bēr rȳ	

THE SILK-WORM.

After this, Walter amused himself in finding other cocoons, which he hung up in the warm garret of the house, by the window; and soon he had butterflies and moths in great numbers.

Some were yellow, some were red and black, some were green, with wings of bronze and gold; a few were blue; some were brown; and some, both of the butterflies and moths, were white.

Uncle John told him their names, and described their habits; and before the

summer was over, Walter could tell when he saw a caterpillar, what kind of a butterfly it would change into. In the autumn, when he found a chrysalis or a cocoon, he could often tell what kind of a butterfly or moth would come from it.

One day Uncle John brought Walter some silk-worms, and, together, they studied the habits of these interesting little creatures.

They were great eaters—all day long feeding on the tender leaves of the mulberry-tree.

After a number of days each silk-worm began to spin a fine thread, either yellow or white, and from it, wove its cocoon, shutting itself up for its long sleep.

It spun the thread from two outlets near its mouth. How the little spinners did writhe and twist around to shut themselves up in their prisons of gold and silver!

When, at last, each silk-worm had wrapped itself in its cocoon, it kept quite still for about two weeks. Then,

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one morning, one of them burst its cocoon, and out came a beautiful moth !

Then Uncle John said : "But, Walter, if we want to get silk, this will never do. We must kill the worms before they come out of the cocoons."

"O, why must the poor little creatures be killed ?" asked Walter.

"Because, Walter, you see that the moth has cut right through the cocoon. Now, instead of a long thread which we could unwind, as from a spool, we have only a little bundle of useless bits of silk.

"The rest of the cocoons we will now place over hot steam just long enough to kill the worm that is inside."

This was done, after which Uncle John showed Walter how nicely the fine silk thread could be unwound from the cocoon, and wound again upon a spool ready to be woven into rich silk, velvet, or ribbon.

Perhaps Walter will go into the silk business, when he becomes a man. It is

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very rare to find a man who understands the habits of silk-worms, and the care of them. Walter's knowledge may be worth a great deal of money to some silk manufacturer.

The raising of silk-worms, and the manufacture of silk is still very young in America; but the ribbons made in this country are now quite as fine as those brought from Europe, and very much cheaper.

In a few years, American silks and velvets may be as good as those manufactured in Europe.

COMPOSITION.

Subject: SILK-WORMS.

1. What are they?
2. Through what changes do they pass?
3. Upon what do they feed?
4. Where are they grown for use?
5. Why are they killed?
6. From what is the silk taken?
7. How is it unwound?
8. Which country produces the most silk?
9. Into what is the silk manufactured?
10. Have you ever found any cocoons? When?
Where?

LESSON LXVIII.

ap point'ed	fēs'ti val	in'stru ments
be nigh't'ed	eru'ci fix	eōn'sciōūs ness
me mō'ri als	Ān'ge lūs	com mēm'o rāte
ōe'eu pā'tion	mŷs'ter ŷ	an nūn'ci ā'tion

THE ANGELUS.

The bell, at the appointed hour, gives the signal; and upon it every occupation, be it of study or exercise, is stopped. The student in his cell puts down his pen, and turns to his little domestic memorials of piety, picture, or crucifix, and then joins his absent brethren in prayer.

The teacher pauses in his lecture, and, kneeling at the head of his class, leads the way to their responses.

The little knot engaged in cheerful talk or learned dispute, drop their mirth or their cunning instruments of fence, and contend more pleasantly in the verses of that angelic prayer.

Nay, even the sport and play of youth and childhood are interrupted, to give a few moments to more serious thoughts.

Well might the Angelus bell have inscribed upon it, "At evening, morn, and noon, I will call out, and give the angelic annunciation." For this is truly the order of the church day; and in southern countries of more Catholic atmosphere, of the civil.

With first vespers comes in the festival; and the *Ave Maria*, with its clattering peal, rings in the new day. We own we like it.

We love not the old day to slip away from us, and the new one to steal in, "like a thief in the night," upon our unconscious being, at the hour when ghosts walk, and when nature, abroad and within us, most awfully personates death.

We like the day to die even as a good Christian would wish, with a heaven of mild splendor above, enriched in hues as its close approaches; with golden visions and loved shapes, with whispered prayer, and a cheering passing-bell; and the comfort that when gloom has overspread all, a new, though unseen, day, has risen to the spirit.

Then, when we awake once to sense and consciousness, let the joyful peal arouse us, with the first dawn of day and reason, to commemorate that Mystery which alone has made the day worth living; and greet, with the natural, the spiritual Sun, the Day-spring from on high that rose on benighted man, and chased away the darkness and the shadow of death wherein he sat.

Who does not see and feel the clear likeness? Who will neglect, if it be brought thus to his memory, to shield himself behind the full measure of this grace, against the sharp and well-aimed temptations of the day?

At these eventful periods will the Angelus bell call out to us aloud, and make the joyful Annunciation, speaking in angel's words and angel's tones, to the gladsome, to the anxious, and to the weary heart; gladsome at morn, anxious at noon, weary at eve.

Truly it was a heavenly thought that suggested the appointment of both time and thing. For what can chime so well

with the first of those feelings and its season, as the glorious news that "the Lord's angel" had brought to earth such tidings as his?

What can suit the second better than to speak resignation in Mary's words: "Behold thy servant, or handmaid,"—"Be it done unto me according to Thy word?"

What can refresh the third, and cast forward bright rays into the gloom of approaching night, more than the thought that God's own Eternal Word dwelleth ever amongst us, our comforter and help?

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

LESSON LXIX.

bēl'fries meek'ness profound' tūnə'fūl
re deem'ing rēv'er ēntly In eār'nate

THE ANGELUS.

Hark! count the strokes,—three—four—
five—six;

Come, all my children dear,
Let us recite the Angelus,
Our Lady's heart to cheer.

In cities large and populous,
From all the belfries round,
Three times a day the Angelus
Rings out with joyful sound.



Three times a day dear Gabriel's "Hail!"
The faithful all repeat;
Three times a day "Thy handmaid,
Lord!"
Our Lady's answer meet.

Three times a day "The Word made flesh,"
Repeat on bended knee,
The meekness of redeeming love
Adoring reverently.

In our dear home, so still and green,
There is no belfry near,
Whose goodly bell the Angelus
Rings out with solemn cheer.

But still the house-clock's tuneful stroke,
At six, at twelve, and six,
Should never fail, my children dear,
Your wandering thoughts to fix.

Upon that loveliest mystery
Of God's Incarnate Word,
Which Mary first, from Gabriel's "Hail!"
With loving wonder heard.

And year by year the Angelus
Will have a tenderer sound,
With something more of heaven within
Its mystery profound.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

WORD EXERCISES.

(Continued from Page 215.)

mite	Anything very small, may be called a —.
might	— does not make right; though many — try to make it so.
moan	A — is a low cry of pain.
mown	The fragrance of new — hay is pleasant.
know	Many young men — not when to say,
no	“—.”
nose	Mary — that her — is not beau-
knows	tiful.
not	Little Helen is — able to tie a — in
knot	her thread.
need	Mary, you — clean hands to — the
knead	soft, white dough.
knew	Columbus never — that he had found
new	a — continent.
nice	“The difference is too — Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.”
gneiss	The mineral, —, is a rock, like granite.
night	“Light, the day, and darkness, —, He named.”
knight	A noble — loved “God, and the ladies.”
or	“To be, — not to be; that is the question.”
o'er	“A change came — the spirit of my dream.”
ore	Some iron — is very red.
oar	The — of the boat was broken. “And he looked the whole world in the face,
owed	For he — not any man.”
ode	The poet, Collins, wrote the beautiful “— to Evening.”
our	“But half of — — mournful task was done
hour	When the clock struck the — for retiring.”

pale	"Why are Mabel's lips so ——?"
pail	The silly maid dropped her —— of milk.
pale	He seized a —— of the broken fence.
pane	A cut from a broken window —— caused
pain	Annie great ——.
pair	I need a new —— of gloves.
pare,—pear	Henry will —— this fine large ——.
pause	After a brief ——, Patrick Henry added.
paws	The keeper escaped the lion's powerful ——.
plane	Boards are smoothed with a carpenter's
plain	——. A —— is a level tract of land. Is this a —— definition?
pole	A liberty —— was raised in every New
Pole	England village. Pulaski was a famous —— who aided America.
poll	Would you like to go to the —— and vote?
pour	Will you —— for me a glass of water?
pore	Every —— of the skin should be kept open.
pore	The boy loved to —— over his books.
pray	"Watch and —— lest ye enter into temp-
prey	tation." Beasts, birds, and insects —— upon one another.
praise	"'Tis hard to —— a foe."
prays	The Christian —— for his enemies.
preys	The hawk —— upon other birds.
peace	After the war, came years of ——.
piece	He ate a —— of bread.
prin'ci ple	"Good —— founds honest practice."
prin'ci pal	"Wisdom is the —— thing; therefore, get wisdom."
quarts	There are four —— in a gallon.
quartz	The mineral, ——, is harder than glass.
quire	Twenty-four sheets of paper form a ——.
choir	We heard the —— singing in the church.

rain	"Into each life some — must fall."
rein	He held his spirited horse with a firm —.
reign	Louis XIV had the longest — in his- tory—72 years.
red	The — rose was the badge of Lancaster.
read	Have you — Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Prog- ress"?
wrap	— up well, and go — at John's
rap	door.
ring	Prescott went to — the bells of Con- cord.
wring	Mary's busy hands — out the clothes.
rowed	Paul Revere's friends — him across the
rode	river to Charlestown; thence he —
road	across Charlestown Neck on over the — to Lexington.
rose	The sun — and shone through the —
rows	of trees, in the garden where the — was blooming.
rote	"The parrot speaks by —,
wrote	Words that great Shakspeare —."
rye	Is a grain of — like a grain of wheat?
wry	The boy made a — face.
root	Why is the tongue, "the — of all evil"?
route	A Portuguese found the new — to India.
sale	After the — of his furniture, John Eliot
sail	set — for Massachusetts.
see	The eye does not — without the mind.
sea	The ocean is called the —.
seam,—seem	The long — did — almost endless.
seen	Four cities can be — from the bridge.
scene	The pupils played a — from "Merchant of Venice."
seine	A — is a large net for catching fish.

show	Washington's noble firmness was — at Valley Forge.
shone	The moon — over the silent camp.
size	The locust is an insect of great —.
sighs	The prisoner — for liberty.
sees	"Man — not as God —."
seas	"God made the — and all that in them is."
seize	They tried to — the traitor, Arnold.
so	— long as you are ignorant, study.
sew	We — one stitch to save the nine.
sow	"In the morning, — thy seed."
sum	"The — of days makes up the year,
some	and the — of years is — time."
stake	Was Joan of Arc burned at the —?
steak	Do you prefer beef —, bear —, or venison —?
steal	Who —s my purse —s trash.
steel	Harder than — was Shylock's heart.
straight	Magellan sailed — through the —
strait	which bears his name.
tale	Scott wrote many a — of Border Life.
tail	A fox's — is called his brush.
tare	Many a — grows amid the wheat.
tear	Allow for the "wear and —."
there,—their	" — was joy in — tears."
threw,—through	John — a stone — the window.
tied	Henry — his boat out of the reach of
tide	the —.
two,—to	"It takes — — quarrel, and —
too	agree —.
waste	"A willful — makes a woful want."
waist	The savage wore a belt around his —.

weak The vain are more — than the lame.
week The Atlantic may be crossed in a —.
wait “Learn to labor, and to —.”
weight What was Jumbo’s — ?
one — of them told how the battle was
won —.
would How — the climate be changed if our
wood —s were destroyed ?

HOME, SWEET HOME.

’Mid pleasures and palaces
 Though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble,
 There’s no place like home.
A charm from the skies
 Seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro’ the world
 Is ne’er met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there’s no place like
home.

An exile from home
 Splendor dazzles in vain,
O, give me my lowly
 Thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily,
 That came at my call;
O, give me that peace of mind
 Dearer than all.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

WORD ANALYSIS.

English derivatives only, are given for analysis. This will prove a profitable and interesting exercise, and not too difficult for pupils in this grade.

I. PREFIXES.

(pre-fix, fixed or placed before.)

a, in, on.

aboard (a+board), on board.

ashore (a+shore), on shore.

amidst (a + midst), in the midst.

dis, not.

discontent (dis+content), not content.

disappearance (dis + appearance), the act of not appearing.

en, to make or feel.

enclose (en+close), to make close or fast.

enjoy (en+joy), to feel joy.

for, against.

forbid (for+bid), to bid against.

fore, before.

foreknow (fore + know), to know before.

foresee (fore+see), to see before.

in, in.

indeed (in + deed), in deed, in fact.

mis, amiss, wrong.

mistake (mis+take), to take amiss.

misunderstand (mis + understand), to understand wrong.

re, back; again.

remove (re + move), to move again.

repaid (re + paid), paid back again.

un, not.

unerring (un + erring), not erring, not wrong.

unjust (un + just), not just.

WORD.	ANALYSIS.	DEFINITION.
asleep	a + sleep	in sleep; sleeping.

Rule paper like the above model, and write analysis of following words:

Alive, aloft, astir, astride, awake, disobedient, disuse, disarmed, enlight, enlarge, foretell, instead, mislead, misuse, restrain, retake, repay, return, unkind, untroubled, reopen, rebound, untrue, unloved, misplace, upraise, uplift, endear.

II. SUFFIXES.

(suf-flx, fixed or placed after.)

able, that can or may; having the quality of.

lovable (love+able), that can be loved.

miserable (misery+able), having the quality of misery.

al (noun), act of.

signal (sign+al), act of making a sign.

trial (try+al), act of trying.

al (adjective), relating to.

central (centre+al), relating to the centre.

mineral (miner+al), relating to the mine.

ant (noun), one who.

servant (serve+ant), one who serves.

ant (adjective), having the quality of.

expectant (expect+ant), having the quality of expectation.

pleasant (please+ant), having the quality of pleasing.

ar, one who.

beggar (beg+ar), one who begs.

liar (lie+ar), one who lies.

ate, having the quality of.

affectionate (affection+ate), having the quality of affection.

dom, state of being.

freedom (free+dom), state of being free.

wisdom (wise+dom), state of being wise.

eer, one who.

engineer (engine+eer), one who drives an engine.

en (adjective), like, made of.

golden (gold+en), like gold.

wooden (wood+en), made of wood.

en (verb), to make.

sweeten (sweet+en), to make sweet.

fasten (fast+en), to make fast.

ent, one who.

student (study+ent), one who studies.

er, one who; that which.

fisher (fish+er), one who fishes.

intruder (intrude+er), one who intrudes.

er (adv.), more.

harder (hard+er), more hard.

sweeter (sweet+er), more sweet.

est (adv.), most.

bravest (brave+est), most brave.

funniest (funny+est), most funny.

ful, full of; causing.

beautiful (beauty+ful), full of beauty.

dreadful (dread+ful), causing dread.

ic, like.

heroic (hero+ic), like a hero.

methodic (method+ic), like a method; with method.

ish, like.

boyish (boy+ish), like a boy.

childish (child+ish), like a child.

ist, one who.

artist (art+ist), one who studies art.

geologist (geology+ist), one who studies geology.

ite, one who.

favorite (favor+ite), one who is favored.

less, without.

careless (care + less), without care.

dreamless (dream + less), without dream.

ly (adjective), like, full of.

manly (man + like), like a man.

lively (life + like), full of life.

ly (adverb), in a manner.

brightly (bright + ly), in a bright manner.

easily (easy + ly), in an easy manner.

ment, state of; that which.

casement (case + ment), that which encases.

movement (move + ment), state of motion.

ness, quality, or state of being.

brightness (bright + ness), state of being bright.

kindness (kind + ness), having the quality of being kind.

or, one who.

inventor (invent + or), one who invents.

sailor (sail + or), one who sails.

ous, full of.

furious (fury + ous), full of fury.

gaseous (gassy + ous), full of gas.

ship, state of being.

hardship (hard + ship), state of being hard.

lordship (lord + ship), state of being a lord.

ure, state of being.

creature (create + ure), one who is created.

pleasure (please + ure), state of being pleased.

y, full of; like; of the nature of.

chubby (chub + y), like a chub.

earthy (earth + y), like the earth.

greedy (greed + y), of the nature of greed.

yer, one who.

lawyer (law + yer), one who studies law.

WORD.	ANALYSIS.	DEFINITION.
creator	create + or	one who creates.

Rule paper like the above model, and analyze and give the meaning of the following words:

Remarkable, hospitable, notable, carousal, personal, royal, natural, national, accountant, attendant, repentant, compassionate, foolish, selfish, naturalist, machinist, helpless, wingless, thoughtless, lovely, womanly, deadly, lonely, gravely, kindly, dukedom, privateer, waxen, frozen, gladden, correspondent, farmer, miller, officer, saddler, treasurer, singer, stranger, colder, longer, nearest, dearest, faithful, truthful, frightful,

tearful, excitement, payment, punishment, coldness, darkness, gladness, happiness, actor, sculptor, courageous, dangerous, famous, fibrous, melodious, piteous, porous, stormy, rosy, rocky, watery, sawyer, spinner, carelessness.

ANALYSIS OF COMPOUND WORDS.

A compound word is made up of two, or more simple words.

Rule paper as in previous exercise, and analyze the following compound words :

Footsteps, mother-love, everywhere, mid-day, mouthful, resting-place, gunpowder, farm-house, sea-weeds, sea-sands, footprints, nevermore, silk-worms, door-latch, fisherman, home-light, night-wind, barefooted, nobody, snow-white, Christmas-tree, grandmother, match-girl.

(These words may be found on pages from 15 to 76.)

Blackboard, blue-birds, yellow-birds, good-bye, buttercups, spring-time, death-struck, forebodings, rifle-shot, whalebone, she-bear, lifeless, honey-comb, hind-part, foremost, hard-working, anything, land-crab, good-morning, mile-stone, dew-drop, sunshine, household, themselves, tea-plant, Chinaman, work-people, boiling-hot, tea-growing, hedgehog, insect-eating.

(These words may be found on pages from 77 to 122.)

Manhood, nobleman, statesman, spell-bound, good-natured, water-wheel, honey-bearers, honey-bags, bitter-sweet, house-cleaning, plant-louse, wood-louse, ant-cells, slave-ant, red-coat, prison-box, yester-eve, sunshine, tree-tops, pailful, hillside, raindrops, sunbeam, clear-aired, brother-rats, miserable-looking, landlord, overcoat, white-haired, sometimes, mince-pies, spice-box, turn-over, spice-bush, clove-tree, everybody, sea-water, clove-buds, allspice.

(These words may be found on pages from 122 to 178.)

Sea-washed, warlike, fair-haired, white-capped, snowy-limbed, sunflower-fringes, strawberry-bed, hop-vine, half-dollar, newspapers, policeman, peanuts, nurse-girl, rice-pudding, thick-set, hiding-place, gray-legs, brother-wolf, barn-yard, pig-pen, eighty-one, reindeer-cows, Greenland, bad-smelling, far-away, over-toll, ugly-looking, grasshoppers, golden-brown, silk-worms, mulberry-tree, outlets.

(These words may be found on pages from 178 to close of book.)

DEFINITIONS

OF SOME OF THE DIFFICULT WORDS.

(The figures show the page on which the word may be found.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| accept (96), to receive; take. | blubber (87), the fat of whales and other large sea animals. |
| acute (128), keen; sharp. | boyish (216), like a boy. |
| advantage (96), chance, or means to success; benefit. | bronze (242), a brown color; the color of bronze. |
| aghast (200), struck with great surprise. | cable (100), a large, strong rope or chain. |
| alert (75), on the watch; brisk; quick. | caldron (91), a vessel containing hot water for bathing. |
| aloft (117), on high; in the air; high above ground. | calk (234), to drive oakum into the seams of wood. |
| anchor (58), an iron instrument for holding a ship at rest in water. | cavern (65), a deep cave. |
| anguish (64), agony; distress. | civil (247), belonging to a city or state. |
| apostle (91), a missionary. | cloudy (60), overcast with clouds; dark. |
| appearance (98), arrival; coming into sight; presence. | coast (22), sea-shore; edge of land next to the sea. |
| approaching (82), coming near. | compare (147), to be like or equal. |
| artist (208), painter; sculptor. | complete (178), entire; perfect; whole. |
| ashore (22), on shore. | condemn (208), blame; censure; reproach; reprove. |
| astir (143), in motion, or action. | consent (190), assent; permission. |
| attack (132), assault; invasion. | contend (246), to quarrel; contest. |
| attempt (172), effort; trial; endeavor. | coral (59), the skeletons of small sea animals, called coral insects. |
| attested (125), affirmed to be true. | counsel (24), advice; opinion; consultation. |
| attracted (87), allured; drawn; invited; enticed. | court (26), the meeting of judges and lawyers. |
| banished (94), compelled to leave the country. | creation (48), the world; that which is created. |
| barren (221), unfruitful; unproductive; sterile. | |
| benighted (248), very ignorant. | |
| bestud (110), set with studs. | |
| billows (199), great waves of the sea. | |

- curlew** (43), a wading bird; it frequents the sea-shore in winter and the mountains in summer.
- dainty** (18), over-nice; hard to please; delicate; fastidious.
- deceive** (98), to lead into error; to cause to believe what is not true.
- dedication** (31), the act of setting apart to a sacred use.
- deign** (64), condescend.
- delicate** (128), fine; soft; slight; slender.
- deliverance** (215), the act of setting free.
- described** (122), represented; set forth; explained; related.
- desire** (22), wish; inclination; longing.
- devour** (86), to eat up greedily like a wild beast.
- diadem** (111), a crown.
- different** (156), distinct; separate; not the same.
- din** (119), noise; sounds.
- disappear** (162), to pass out of sight; to become invisible.
- disaster** (142), misfortune; mishap; grief; calamity; accident.
- dishonest** (177), not honest.
- distant** (55), not near; remote; far away.
- distress** (58), affliction; pain; trouble; agony.
- Divinity** (94), Deity; Godhead.
- docile** (59), easily taught; ready to learn.
- doctrines** (126), articles of faith.
- dwarfed** (222), stunted in growth; kept small.
- edifying** (93), improving.
- edition** (183), the publication of a book or newspaper.
- efface** (43), to remove anything written, or stamped on the surface; to erase; rub out.
- elastic** (51), springy; easily stretched.
- enclose** (176), to inclose; to put within an envelope.
- erected** (126), built; established.
- error** (125), mistake; blunder.
- expect** (98), look for; await.
- expectant** (159), waiting; looking for.
- fables** (159), fictions; made-up stories to amuse or instruct.
- faithful** (40), true; full of faith.
- fate** (41), doom; lot; destiny; fortune.
- fen** (152), marsh; moor.
- fence** (246), argument; repartee.
- fibrous** (195), consisting of fibers or threads.
- fierce** (198), savage; furious; wild.
- foe** (20), an enemy.
- folly** (212), foolishness.
- forbidden** (166), commanded not to do; prohibited.
- forest** (55), a large tract of land covered with trees.
- fossils** (119), substances dug from the earth.
- founder** (125), one who lays a foundation.
- foundering** (111), sinking.
- frozen** (58), subject to frost; chilly.
- garish** (152), showy; dazzling.
- gin** (177), a contraction of the word engine.
- glaciers** (123), great masses of ice and snow, formed in the valleys of very high mountains, and in the polar regions.
- granite** (117), rocky; a kind of crystalline rock.

gravely (26), in a grave, serious manner.

guard (136), defend; shield; protect.

happiness (177), joy; bliss.

horror (111), dreariness; dreadfulness.

hospitable (229), kindness to strangers and guests.

hues (247), colors; tints.

human (76), like mankind.

humbly (25), in a humble manner; lowly; modestly.

imploringly (163), in an imploring manner; like one pleading.

improve (225), to better; advance; mend; correct.

inclines (100), leans; tends.

infidel (125), unbeliever; free-thinker.

inquiry (82), question; research.

instead (205), in place of.

intelligence (129), understanding; intellect; knowledge.

intruders (132), those who enter where they are not welcome.

invented (176), discovered; devised; contrived.

invention (210), that which is invented.

inventor (208), one who invents or contrives something.

isolate (236), to place by itself.

jest (235), joke; fun; sport.

judge (24), one who decides between the right and wrong of an act, or question.

justice (25), honesty; right; the quality of being just.

leech (235), a doctor; a physician.

legend (62), a story handed down from early times.

linger (103), remain; tarry; stay.

matron (231), an older married woman.

medal (210), a piece of metal in the form of a coin, given as a reward.

meet (250), proper; fit.

melodious (119), full of melody; musical.

merchant (193), one who carries on trade.

message (207), words sent from one person to another.

mimic (23), one who imitates; to copy another's actions.

mince (164), to cut into very small pieces; as the meat, etc., for mince-pie.

mineral (148), like rock or metal; neither animal nor vegetable.

mingle (218), to mix; to join; to unite.

miracles (125), wonders.

miserable (161), very unhappy; forlorn; wretched.

moor (151), marsh; fen.

moored (111), fastened; anchored.

mournfully (235), sorrowfully; sadly.

multitudes (180), great numbers; throngs.

mystery (214), something wholly unknown.

naturalist (133), one who studies natural history.

nestling (68), to lie close, as a bird in her nest.

notable (235), worthy of notice; remarkable.

nuisance (159), that which annoys, or gives trouble.

numb (68), chill; without feeling.

obtained (53), procured; gotten.

officer (131), one who holds an office; commander.

opponent (82), a foe; one who opposes.

parson (236), a priest; clergyman.

peasant (212), a countryman; rustic.

peer (60), to look sharply; to peep over.

perils (111), dangers.

personates (247), resembles.

polar (85), relating to the poles of the earth.

poultry (34), fowls; as chickens, ducks, etc.

prefer (47), to choose; elect; select.

present (82), to offer; to show; to give.

present (82), being in view; now, as present time.

pretence (82), a false show; excuse; appearance.

pretend (203), to make believe.

produce (59), the product; proceeds; result.

produce (174), to bring forward; to bear; to lead forth.

profound (251), deep; grand.

progress (233), a going forward; growth.

project (115), to stick out, or forward.

pungent (169), having a biting taste, or smell.

quantity (159), great number; or the "how-much" of a thing.

redeeming (251), atoning; saving.

refuse (82), dregs; scum.

refuse (82), to deny a request.

regular (236), in order; according to rule.

release (199), to set free; to liberate.

relie (30), a memorial of something sacred.

remove (176), to take away.

renounce (215), to give up.

repaid (216), paid back; refunded.

reproach (88), blame; censure.

rescue (58), to save; to deliver.

restless (55), unquiet; uneasy; disturbed.

restrain (212), to check; hinder; curb; stop.

reverent (144), humble; respectful.

Reynard (97), a name often given the fox in fables.

rocky (41), formed of rocks.

rumor (235), a story, or a report not yet proved true.

Salamander (27), a reptile something like a frog; it was once believed that the salamander was able to live in fire, which is not true.

sardine (59), a small fish like a herring, caught near the Island of Sardinia.

scent (87), the smell.

science (42), knowledge arranged according to a system.

scourged (64), whipped severely.

shelter (59), a place of safety; cover; protection.

shrank (200), drew back.

signal (23), a sign.

similar (236), just alike; resembling closely.

singular (236), strange; rare; unusual.

sluggard (133), a lazy and idle person.

slunk (98), to creep or sneak away meanly.

spell-bound (123), held as by a charm.

sphere (19), proper place, or rank.

strive (118), struggle; contend; endeavor; try.

sturdy (75), hardy; stout; robust; strong.

suspicious (203), jealous; distrustful; doubtful.

swarm (185), to collect as bees or flies.

sycamore (178), buttonwood tree.

system (129), regular method or order.

Telegram (188), the name of an evening newspaper.

telescope (156), an instrument used to view distant objects, as the stars, and other heavenly bodies.

tenderness (88), gentleness; anxiety.

thrall (111), bondage.

thrive (119), to grow; to prosper.

tide (43), the regular rise and fall of the water of the ocean.

toll (236), tax; duty.

torch (45), a large candle or light held in the hand.

tough (99), not easily broken.

towers (45), a lofty building much higher than it is broad.

tradition (30), a legend.

trickling (142), flowing in a small, gentle stream.

triumph (215), joyous success.

trivial (236), of little worth.

tropics (147), the warm regions of the earth lying north and south of the equator.

tugging (58), to pull; to drag; to draw with great effort.

twilight (43), the faint light before the rising, and after the setting of the sun.

urged (204), pressed; driven; pushed; forced onward.

useless (166), having no use.

untroubled (216), not troubled; free from care.

valiant (145), strong; heroic; courageous.

venerable (93), very old.

visible (200), to be seen.

visions (94), dreams; fancies.

vitals (111), parts of the body necessary to life.

wag (235), a man full of sport and fun.

wager (96), a bet.

weapon (19), something to fight with.

wee (216), pain; sorrow; trouble.

workers (55), people who work; toilers; laborers.

worshiping (198), adoring; honoring; revering.

wound (88), a hurt; an injury to the body.

wrestle (118), a struggle between two to see which will throw the other down.

writhe (243), to twist; to distort.

zeal (126), energy; ardor.

zephyr (103), the west wind; any mild breeze.

zones (222), the five great divisions of the earth in regard to climate.

ARTICULATION, EMPHASIS, AND INFLECTION.

I. ARTICULATION.

Distinct articulation depends upon the action of the organs of speech,—mouth, teeth, tongue, palate, nose, and lips.

VOCAL DRILL.

Practice frequently, *in loud forcible tones*, the elementary sounds, by themselves, in combination, and in word-combinations; notice the position of the organs of speech in pronouncing them.

EXERCISES.

gā! gǎ! gāl! gā! gā! gā! gā! gē! gē!
gī! gī! gō! gō! gō! gō! gō! gō!

and so on through the vowel sounds. Take up *each* consonant element in the same way. Vary this exercise with exercises like the following:

āt! āt! āt! āt! ēt! ēt! It! It! ōt! ōt! qt!
qt! ūt! ūt! etc.

Flexibility of voice may also be cultivated by attention to *emphasis* and *inflection* in the vocal drill, thus:

$\overset{v}{a}$, $\overset{v}{a}$, $\overset{v}{a}$, $\overset{v}{a}$, $\overset{v}{e}$, $\overset{v}{e}$, $\overset{v}{e}$, $\overset{v}{e}$, $\overset{v}{i}$, $\overset{v}{i}$, $\overset{v}{i}$, $\overset{v}{i}$, $\overset{v}{u}$, $\overset{v}{u}$, $\overset{v}{o}$, $\overset{v}{o}$, etc.

Combine sounds into words, and analyze words into the sounds which compose them, thus:

g-ē t—get.	hw-ā-t — what.	dainty—d-ā-n'-t-y.
s-ē-d—said.	hw-ē-r — where.	desire—d-ē s-I-r'
l-ā-f — laugh.	hw-ē-n — when.	mimic—m-I-m'-le.
ā-s-k—ask.	hw-I-ch— which.	tropic — t-r-ō-p'-ic.
oi-l — oil.	hw-I-l — while.	

Practice according to the above method, the exercises on

Page 59—these words are often mispronounced.

Page 61, giving special attention to *d* and *d=t*.

Page 72, giving special attention to *th* and *th*.

Page 90, giving special attention to *e*, *c*, and their equivalents.

Page 101, giving special attention to *ch*, *ch*, and their equivalents.

Page 206—these words are often mispronounced.

Drill carefully in the pronunciation and articulation of the words at the head of each lesson.

(Vocal drills can scarcely be too frequent; a well-modulated voice is a beautiful accomplishment.)

II. EMPHASIS.

In good reading, as in talking, the important words are pronounced with more *force* than are the others.

This force is called Emphasis. It varies in degree, which is sometimes shown by the use of *italics* for ordinary emphasis, and of small **CAPITALS** for greater force, thus:

"*This* piece weighs *more* than the other."

"**HERE**, Sir! that isn't *your* cheese!"

"My friends, your pieces must be both *alike*," said the *very* *just* judge.

"**HOLD! HOLD!** give me *my* part of what is *left* and I will be *content!*"

"If *you* are content," said the monkey, "*justice* is *not*; the **LAW**, my friends, *must* have its *course!*"—(Pages 24, 25—Lesson V.)

O! how *bright!* how *sweet* was her face!—(Page 71.)

"We are **LOST!**" cried the poor Hindoo woman!—(Page 79.)

HARK! HARK! to *God* the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But *one alone* the SAVIOUR speaks—
It is the STAR OF BETHLEHEM!—(Page 111.)

Always *busy*, and always *merry*,
Always *doing* his *very best*,
A *notable way* was Little Jerry,
Who uttered *well* his standing *jest*.—(Page 235.)

(One may add to the effect of Emphasis, by pausing slightly, sometimes *before*, and sometimes *after* the word to be explained. This pausing is indicated by vertical lines, below.)

"He is **DEAD!**" | she cried, "*my darling!*"
And the startled *father* | hears,
And *comes* and *looks* the way *she* looks,
And *fears* | the thing *she* fears:
Till a glad *shout* | from the *bearers*
Thrills the stricken man and wife,
"Give **THANKS!** | for your *son* | has *saved* | our **LAND!**
And | **GOD!** | has saved his *life!*"—(Page 144.)

As she runs, she calls out | "**TELEGRAM!** **TELEGRA-A-AM!** **FOURTH**
edition!"

"*Here!* my girl, give *me* a paper!"—(Page 185.)

We | may think them | *light as bubbles* ;
But how *dearly* | they are bought !—(Page 108.)

I meet it, *face to face*,
As a *brave man* | meets his | *foe*.—(Page 118.)

What *multitudes of stars* | there are ! How *calm* | and still |
they seem !—(Page 180.)

But this *money* is not | *mine*, Charley !—(Page 187.)

"Give them to *me*, Oh ! *cruel king*, or the *vengeance* of the |
Most *HIGH* | shall overtake you !—(Page 199.)

III. INFLECTION.

The voice also naturally dwells longer upon some of the words, giving them peculiar shades of meaning by means of *slides* and *slurs*, to which we give the name of *inflections*.

The upward sliding of the voice is called the *rising inflection*, and is sometimes marked thus, /. .

The downward sliding of the voice is called the *falling inflection*, and is sometimes marked thus, \ .

The slur, or a gliding of the voice from rising to falling, or from falling to rising, is called the *circumflex*, and is sometimes marked thus, / \ or \ /.

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS AND INFLECTION.

"I am only a *crab*, it is true, and I cannot *walk* so *gracefully* as *you*, Mr. Fox, but I can *run* much *faster*."

Mr. Fox sneered, "*Indeed*" ?—(Page 96.)

"O how *disagreeable* ! I wish it wouldn't rain once in *six months* ! *Spells* all the *fun* ! Makes everything *wet* and *dirty* !"

"Most all *thoughtful* people will be *glad* of this rain, Bert. It has been much *needed*."—(Page 146.)

The *night* is *dark* and I am *far* from *home*.

Lead | *thou* | *me* | *on* !—(Page 151.)

(*Marks* are used only in teaching: *when*, and *where*, to emphasize and inflect, must be left largely to the taste and judgment of the reader. The best,—the *only* rule is to study until you *understand* perfectly what you wish to read out loud, and then read it as you would talk it.)

